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VOL. XXVIII.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
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CONNOISSEUR,
Vol. 2. N° 51.

J. H. Sayman

THE

CONNOISSEUR.

BY MR. TOWN.

CRITIC AND CENSOR-GENERAL.

.....Non de villis domibusve alienis,
Nec male necne lepos saltet; sed quod magis ad nos
Pertinet, et nescire malum est, agitamus..... Hor.

VOL. II.

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THE

CONNOISSEUR.

BY MR. TOWN,

CRITIC AND CENSOR-GENERAL.

XXXVI. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1754.

on sic incerto mutantur flamine Syrtes,
ec folia hyberno jam tremefacta Noto. PROPERT.

ur dress, still varying, nor to forms confin'd,
hifts like the sands, the sport of ev'ry wind.

I HAVE somewhere seen a picture, represent-
man and woman of every nation in the world,
d according to the mode of their respective coun-
I could not help reflecting at the time, that
ashions, which prevail in England for the
of a century, would enable any of our painters
a piece with as great a variety of habits; and
an Englishman or Englishwoman in one part of
uld be no more like an Englishman or English-
n in the other, than a Frenchman resembles a
se. Very extraordinary revolutions have alrea-
ppened in the habits of this kingdom; and as
is subject to unaccountable changes, posterity
perhaps see without surprise, our ladies strut

about in breeches, while our men waddle in hoop-petticoats.

In the days of queen Elizabeth, it was the fashion for the ladies to conceal and wrap up as much of their bodies as they could: their necks were encompassed with a broad ruff, which likewise spread itself over their bosoms; and their sleeves were continued down and fastened close to their wrists, while only their feet were allowed just to peep from beneath the modest fardingale; so that nothing was exposed to the impertinent eye of man, but their faces. Our modern ladies have run into the contrary extreme, and appear like so many rope-dancers: they have discarded as much of their cloaths as with any tolerable decency can be thrown off, and may be said (like the Indians) to be all face: the neck and bosom are laid bare, and disentangled from the invidous veil of an handkerchief; the stays are sunk half way down the waist, and the petticoat has risen in the same proportion from the ancle. Nor is the lover only captivated by the naked charms, which meet his sight before; but our ladies, like the Parthians, have also learned the art of wounding from behind, and attract our attention no less by laying their shoulders open to the view; which (as a young physician of my acquaintance once observed) makes them look as if they were prepared to receive a blister. A naked lady is no longer the admiration only of a masquerade: every public assembly will furnish us with Iphigenias undrest for the sacrifice; and if the next summer should happen to be an hot one, our ladies will perhaps improve on the thin vesture of the Spartan virgins, and appear abroad in nothing but a gauze shade and lawn petticoat. If the men should take the hint from the other sex, and begin to strip in their turn, I tremble to think what may be the consequence: for, if they go on in proportion with the w

en, we may soon expect to see our fine gentlemen, ;e the Highlanders, without breeches.

It would be endless to trace the strange revolutions at have happened in every part of the female dress ithin these few years. The hoop has been known expand and contract itself from the size of a butter- ırn to the circumference of three hogsheads: at ne time it was sloped from the waist in a pyramidi- al form; at another it was bent upwards like an in- erted bow, by which the two angles, when squeezed p on each side, came in contact with the ears. At resent it is nearly of an oval form, and scarce mea- ures from end to end above twice the length of the 'earer. The hoop has, indeed, lost much of its cre- it in the female world, and has suffered much from ıe innovation of short sacks and negligées, which, it nust be confessed, are equally becoming to the lady f pleasure and the lady of quality; for as the men will gree, that next to no cloaths at all nothing is more avishing than any easy dishabille, our ladies for that eason perhaps come into public places, as if they vere just got out of bed, or as if they were ready to go into it. This, while it is the fashion, must be a- greeable; but I must own, that I could sooner approve of their encircling themselves in so many ells of whale one, than to see them affect to appear with their cloaths huddled on so loosely and indecently. This manner of dressing, or rather not dressing, was brought from Paris: but I would have my fair readers con- sider, that as this loose method of dress is calculated to hide any defects in the body, it is very impolitic to suffer all that symmetry and elegant turn of shape they are mistresses of, to be smothered under it; since these habits can be of no more service to their per- sons, than paint (that other Paris commodity) can add to the natural red and white of their complexion,

though perhaps it may heighten the sallow visages of the French.

But of all the branches of female dress, no one has undergone more alterations than that of the head. The long lappets, the horse-shoe cap, the Brussels head, and the prudish mob pinned under the chin, have all of them had their day. The present mode has rooted out all these superfluous excressencies, and in the room of a slip of cambrick or lace, has planted a whimsical sprig of spangles or artificial flowrets. We may remember, when for a while the hair was tortured into ringlets behind; at present it is braided into a *queue*, (like those formerly worn by the men, and still retaining the original name of Ramillies) which, if it were not reverted upwards, would make us imagine, that our fine ladies were afflicted with the *Plica Polonica*.

If the caps have passed through many metamorphoses, no less a change has been brought about in the other coverings contrived for the head. The diminutive high-crowned hat, the bonnet, the hive, and the milk-maid's chip hat, were rescued for a time from old women and servant girls, to adorn heads of the first fashion. Nor was the method of cocking hats less fluctuating, until they were at length settled to the present mode; by which it is ordered, that every hat, whether of straw or silk, whether of the chamber-maid or mistress, must have their flaps turned up perpendicularly both before and behind. If the end of a fine lady's dress was not rather ornamental than useful, we should think it a little odd, that hats, which seem naturally intended to screen their faces from the heat or severity of the weather, should be moulded into a shape, that prevents their answering either of these purposes: but we must, indeed, allow it to be highly ornamental, as the present hats worn by the *women* are more bold and impudent than the broad-

:d staring *Kevenhullers* worn a few years ago
men. These hats are also decorated with two
pendants of ribband, hanging down from the
i the left side. I am not so much offended at
ning air, which these streamers carry with
as I am afraid lest it should spoil the charm-
:s of my pretty country-women, which are con-
provoked to cast a glance at them; and I have
often observed an obliging ogle or ravishing
tercepted by these mediums; so that, when a
is intended to charm her lover, she has shocked
th an hideous squint.

ladies have long been severely rallied on their
eat attention to finery: but to own the truth,
eems at present to be as much the study of the
art of the world as the female. We have gen-
, who " will lay a whole night (as Benedick
) carving the fashion of a new doublet." They
ieir toilettes too, as well as the ladies, set out
ashes, perfumes and cosmetics; and will spend
ole morning in scenting their linen, dressing
air, and arching their eye-brows. Their heads
ll as the ladies) have undergone various muta-
ind have worn as many different kinds of wigs,
block at their barber's. About fifty years ago,
ıried their heads in a bush of hair; and the
(as Swift says) " lay hid beneath the penthouse
ill-bottomed periwig." But as they then shew-
ing but the nose, mouth and eyes, the fine gen-
i of our time not only oblige us with their full
out have drawn back the side curls quite to the
he ear.

France appears to be the wardrobe of the world,
conclude my paper with a piece of secret
', which gives us some insight into the origin of
ig all our fashions from thence.....The cele-
Lord Foppington, among his other amours,

had once an intrigue with a milliner of Covent-Garden, who, after some time, brought a lovely girl into the world, and called her after his lordship's surname, *Fashion*. The milliner brought up the child in her own house, until the age of fifteen, at which time she grew very pressing with lord Foppington to make provision for his daughter. My Lord, who was never much pleased with this consequence of his amours, that he might be rid of the girl for ever, put her into the hands of a friend, who was going abroad to place her in a nunnery: but the girl, who had very little of the vestal in her disposition, contrived to escape from her conductor, and flew to Paris. There her beauty and sprightliness soon procured her many friends; and she opened a genteel shop in her mother's business. She soon made herself remarkable for contriving the most elegant head dresses, and cutting out ruffles with the most ravishing slope: her fancy was besides so inexhaustible, that she almost every day produced a great variety of new and beautiful patterns. She had many adorers, and at last married his Most Christian Majesty's taylor. This alliance brought the dress of all Paris under their jurisdiction; and the young lady, out of a natural love to her native country, proposed the extending their care to the fine gentlemen and ladies of London. In pursuance of this, Monsieur her husband, two or three times in the year, transmits a suit of cloaths entirely *a la Paris* as a pattern to Messieurs Regnier and Lynch of Leicester-Fields and Pall-Mall, while the wife sends over a little wooden Mademoiselle to her relations in Tavistock-street.

No. XXXVII. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1754.

.....Eja! sudabis satis,
Si cum illo incæptas homine: ea eloquentia est! TER.

By my troth, you will sweat for it, if you once begin with this man: he has such amazing eloquence.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to me, that after having considered the art of speaking in the Theatre, as also the celebrated practice of it in the Robin Hood Society, my remarks will not be complete, except I take notice of the extraordinary eloquence of the Clare-Market orator. He desires me to remember, that this universal genius has, from time to time, declared from his rostrum with a thundering elocution,..." that there is but one orator in the world, and ' he is the man...that Sir Robert Walpole, and all the ' great men in the kingdom, have been his scholars ' ...and that bishops have come to his oratory to learn ' to preach."

I have, indeed, observed with a good deal of concern, that the Orator has of late discontinued to oblige the public with his Sunday evening lectures as usual. Instead of seeing his Oratory-Chapel shut up, I was in hopes, that every parish church in the kingdom would be opened on the same principles. How much more salutary were his tenets, setting forth the sufficiency of reason, than the cold doctrine of our clergy preaching up the necessity of faith! how superior was his form of prayer to our whole liturgy, and how much better adapted to particular occasions!—" A prayer ' for a sinking bridge—prayer for the White Rose!... ' prayer for Jackson's Journal!—prayer for the heads ' on Temple-Bar!"——In these pious addresses he would first invoke the Supreme Being in the most

solemn manner, then suddenly slide into the familiar, and pray,—" that we might not hear the croaking of " Dutch Nightingales in the king's chambers;"..... or on another occasion, " that our clergy might not " study Shakspeare more than the Gospel, and that " they might be rather employed on the evangelists, " than As you Like It, or Much ado about Nothing."

I cannot but likewise lament the loss of the entertainment, which his advertisements used to give us every Saturday in the news-papers. The terms in which they were commonly expressed were clear and elegant, and furnished the reader with an admirable idea of the doctor's manner from the pulpit. For instance, when he told you his text was from Isaiah, and quoted these words, " Strt! 10 Jun. No Hnvr! Down with the Rmp!"...we might form a tolerable judgment of the great reverence he paid the bible; and when he called his assembly..." The ORATORY... P. Charles's Chapel," we might guess at his loyalty and patriotism. These were the advantages, which we derived from his chapel; and if the Oratory remains shut, I shall begin to fear that things will continue in their present shocking state; and that the scheme lately proposed in one of my papers for abolishing Christianity will not take effect; at which I am more particularly concerned, as it will hinder the advancement of this great man. For, if such a revolution should happen in the church, the Orator's principles would be found so entirely fundamental, that he would probably then hold some honourable station, equal to our present archbishop of Canterbury.

The public for these reasons will doubtless join with me in a petition, that this illustrious divine would again resume his station in the pulpit: at least I could wish, that some able theologist, who has been long practised in deciding on the most abstruse points of religion in the Robin Hood Society, may be deputed,

in the absence of the orator, to officiate as his curate. I would also recommend it to the members of the abovementioned Society to attend these lectures regularly; whence they may gather stronger arguments for their disputations, than from reading Collins, Chubb, Tindal, Bolingbroke, or any other orthodox free-thinker whatever. Upon the whole I cannot conclude without observing, that such is the ingratitude of the age, that the singular merits of our orator are not sufficiently regarded. He is indeed, deservedly caressed by the butchers of Clare-market; but had our orator been born at Athens or Rome, he would certainly have been deified as the god of butchers, have been worshipped like Osiris under the figure of a calf, or have had a statue erected to him in the Forum or market-place among the shambles.

Thus much I thought myself bound to say in praise of the orator and oratory: as he has some time ago done me the honour of a letter, which I am very glad of this opportunity to communicate to my readers. The private epistles of Tully are very unequal to his orations: but the following letter is in the very style and spirit of our orator's animated discourses from the pulpit. I shall therefore present it to the public exactly as I received it, (the emphatical words being distinguished in strict conformity to the original manuscript) without presuming to alter or suppress the least syllable.

To Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Town.

1754 July 26.

THE liberty of the press, as you practise it, and your author, Mr. Town, (i. e. Mr. No-body, for he dares not publish his name, and abode, nor confront one he abuses,) is the greatest of grievances; it is the liberty of lying and of slandering, and destroying reputations, to

make your paper sell; reputation is dearer than life, and your and your Scribbler's blood should answer your scandal:.....You have published the *Scoundrel's Dictionary*, put his name and your own into it; he and you have often bespattered the *Orator* and *Oratory* in Clare-market.....the Oratory is *not* in Clare-market, which is in a different parish; so that, YOU and HE LYE*: and butchers are [*seldom* blotted out] never there;.....You both LYE too in saying, that it is calculated *(intended)* for atheism and infidelity.....its religion is.....the "obligation of Man to resemble "the attributes of God to his power, by the practice "of universal right reason; believing christianity of "Christ called reason the wisdom of God. This is "the reverse of atheism and infidelity..... ..and blas-"phemy.....

The writer of the following, who signs himself a member of the Robin-Hood Society, threatens, that in case I do not print his letter immediately, the question, "Whether Mr. Town be a greater fool or a scoundrel," shall be debated at their next meeting.

To Mr. Town.

SIR,

I WOULD have you to know, that the person has sent you the account of our club did not do right. He represents us all as a pack of tradesmen and mechanics, and would have you think as how there are no gentlemen among us. But that is not the case: I

* This reminds me of a similar defence made by Ward the doggrel-writer, whose genius for poetry was exactly of a piece with that of our orator for prose compositions. Jacob, in his Account of Ward, happened to say, that "of late years he had kept a public house in the city." This Mr. Ward highly resented; and in a book called Apollo's Maggot, declared it to be a LYE, protesting, "that his public house was NOT in *the city*, but in Moor-Fields."

am a gentleman, and we have a great many topping people besides. Though Mr. President is but a baker, and we have a shoemaker, and some other handicraftsmen, that come to talk: yet I can assure you they know as much of religion and the good of their country, (and other such matters) as any of we gentlemen. But, as I said, we have a good many topping folks besides myself; for there is not a night, but we have several young lawyers and counsellors, and doctors, and surgeons, and captains, and poets, and players, and a great many Irishmen and Scotchmen (very fine speakers) who follow no business; besides several foreigners, who are all of them great men in their own country. And we have one squire, who lives at t'other end of the town, and always comes in his chariot.

And so as I said, we have a good many tip-top people, as can talk as well as any of your play-folks or parsons; and as for my part every body knows that I am a lord's gentleman, and never was the man that wore a livery in my life. I have been of the club more or less off and on for these six years, and never let a question pass me, Mr. President knows it: and though I say it that should not say it, I can talk (and so can any of our club) as well as the best of your poets can write. And so as I said, I expect you will put it in your paper, that we have a great many gentlemen in our club besides myself.

Your humble servant,

T JAMES WAIT.

No. XXXVIII. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17.

... .Equos ut qui mercantur.....

To have and hold for better or for worse,
We buy a wife, just as we buy an horse.

AT a certain coffee-house near the Temple, the bar is kept by a pretty coquette; a piece of furniture almost as necessary for a coffee-room in that situation as the news-papers. This lady, you may be sure, has many admirers, who are now and then glad of an opportunity to relieve themselves from the severe study of the law by a soft conversation with this fair one, and repeating on the occasion all the tender things they can remember from plays, or whatever else Orgeat or Capillaire can inspire. Among the many pretenders to her favour there is one faithful swain has long entertained a serious passion for her. This tender-hearted gentleman, who is grown so lean with living upon love, that one would imagine "The "blasts of January would blow him through and "through," comes every evening, and sits whole hours by the bar, gazing at his mistress, and taking in large draughts of love and hyson tea. Never was swain in such cruel circumstances. He is forced to bear with patience all the haughty insolence of this goddess of bread and butter; who, as she knows him in her power, keeps him at a distance, though she behaves with the prettiest familiarity to the other coxcombs, who are continually buzzing about her. At eleven he sneaks off pale and discontented; but cannot forbear coming again the next evening, though he knows how vilely he shall be used by his mistress, and that he is laughed at even by the waiters.

If all true lovers were obliged, like this unhappy

gentleman, to carry on their courtships in public, we should be witness to many scenes equally ridiculous. Their aukward desire of pleasing influences every trivial gesture; and when love has once got possession of a man's heart, it shews itself down to the tips of his fingers. The conversation of a languishing inamorata is made up chiefly of dumb signs, such as sighs, ogles, or glances: but if he offers to break his passion to his mistress, there is such a stammering, faultering, and half-wording the matter, that the language of love, so much talked of by poets, is in truth no language at all. Whoever should break in upon a gentleman and lady, while so critical a conversation is going forward, would not forbear laughing at such an extraordinary tete a tete, and would perhaps cry out with Ranger, that "nothing looks so silly as a pair "of your true lovers."

Since true and sincere love is sure to make its votaries thus ridiculous, we cannot sufficiently commend our present people of quality, who have made such laudable attempts to deliver themselves and posterity from its bondage. In a fashionable wedding, the man or woman are neither of them considered as reasonable creatures, who come together in order to "com-"form, love, cherish, honour or obey," according to their respective duties, but are regarded merely as instruments of joining one estate to another. Acre marries acre; and to increase and multiply their fortunes, is in genteel matches the chief consideration of man and wife. The courtship is carried on by the council of each party; and they pay their addresses by billet-doux upon parchment. The great convenience of expelling love from matrimony is very evident: married persons of quality are never troubled with each others company abroad, or fatigued with dull matrimonial discourses at home: my lord keeps his girl, my lady has her gallant; and they both en-

joy all the fashionable privilege of wedlock without the inconveniences. This would never be the case, if there was the least spark of love subsisting between them; but they must be reduced to the same situation with those wretches who (as they have nothing to settle on each other but themselves) are obliged to make up the deficiencies of fortune by affection. But while these miserable, fond, doating, unfashionable couples are obliged to content themselves with love and a cottage, people of quality enjoy the comforts of indifference and a coach and six.

The late marriage-act is excellently adapted to promote this prudential proceeding with respect to wedlock. It will in time inevitably abolish the old system of founding matrimony on affection; and marrying for love will be given up for the sake of marrying according to act of parliament. There is now no danger of an handsome worthy young fellow of small fortune running away with an heiress; for it is not sufficient to insinuate himself into the lady's favour by a voluble tongue and a good person, unless he can also subdue the considerate parents or guardians by the merits of his rent-roll. As this act promotes the method of disposing of children by way of bargain and sale, it consequently puts an end to that ridiculous courtship, arising from simple love. In order therefore to confirm (as far as possible) the happy consequences of this act, I have been long endeavouring to hit on some expedient, by which all the circumstances preparatory to wedlock may be carried on in a proper manner. A Smithfield bargain being so common in metaphor, I had once some thoughts of proposing to realize it, and had almost completed a plan, by which all the young persons (like servant-girls at a statute-fair in the country) were to be brought to market, and disposed of in one part of Smithfield, while the sheep and horses were on sale in another.

In the midst of these serious considerations, I received a scheme of this nature from my good friend Mr. Keith, whose chapel the late marriage-act has rendered useless on its original principles. This reverend gentleman, seeing that all husbands and wives are henceforward to be put up to sale, proposes shortly to open his chapel on a more new and fashionable plan. As the ingenious Messieurs Henson and Bever have lately opened in different quarters of the town repositories for all horses to be sold by auction; Mr. Keith intends setting up a repository for all young males and females to be disposed of in marriage. From these studs (as the Doctor himself expresses it) a lady of beauty may be coupled to a man of fortune, and an old gentleman, who has a colt's tooth remaining, may match himself with a tight young filly.

The Doctor makes no doubt, but his chapel will turn out even more to his advantage on this new plan than on its first institution, provided he can secure his scheme to himself, and reap the benefits of it without interlopers from the Fleet. To prevent his design being pirated, he intends petitioning the parliament, that as he has been so great a sufferer by the marriage-act, the sole right of opening a repository of this sort may be vested in him, and that his place of residence in May-Fair may still continue the grand mart for marriages. Of the first day of sale proper notice will be given in the public papers; and in the mean time I am desired to communicate the following specimen of his stock to my readers.

Catalogue of MALES *and* FEMALES *to be disposed of in Marriage to the best bidder, at Mr. Keith's Repository in May-Fair.*

A LADY of Qualit, , very high blood; related by the mother's side to a peer of France ; her dam came

from one of the oldest families in Wales, and her great great great grandsire was brought over with William the Conqueror. Fit to go in a coach and six, and proper for any rich tradesman, who is desirous to mend the breed. Her lowest price, to prevent trouble, is 500l. per ann. pin-money, and a proportionable jointure.

A Young Lady of 100,000l. fortune...to be bid for by none under the degree of peers, or a commoner of at least treble the income.

An Homely Thing that can read, write, cast accounts, and make an excellent pudding.....This lot to be bid for by none but shop-keepers or country parsons.

Three Maiden Ladies...aged...to be bid for by none but stout young fellows of six foot, sound wind and limb, and without blemish.

Four Widows...young and rich...to be bid for by none but things of mettle and high blood.

The Daughter of a country Squire...the father of this lady came to town to sell a yoke of oxen at Smithfield, and a load of hay in the Hay-market. Whoever buys them shall have the lady into the bargain.

A Methodist lady, relict of a Knight deceased within this twelvemonth...would be a good bargain to any handsome young gentleman, who would comfort her in the spirit.

A very pretty young Woman, but a good deal in debt....would be glad to marry a member of parliament, or a Jew.

An handsome Housekeeper, just come out of the country...would do for any private gentleman. She has been used to go in an one-horse chair, and is fit for a citizen's service on a Sunday.

A tall Irishman, warranted sound, lately in the possession of a Lady Dowager. The reason of his

being sold, is that the owner (who is married) has no further use for him.

A Blood of the first rate, very wild, and has run loose all his life, but is now *broke*, and will prove very tractable.

An Hackney Writer, troubled with the farcy, broken-winded, and very poor...would be glad to be released from his present master, a bookseller, and bear the less grievous yoke of matrimony. Whoever will take him into feeding, shall have his Pegasus into the bargain.

A Young Ward, now in training at Eton school... The guardian is willing to part with him to any lady for a round sum of money. If not sold, he will be sent into the country, and matched with his guardian's daughter.

Five Templars...all Irish...No one to bid for these lots of less than 10,000l. fortune.

Wanted...four dozen of young fellows, and one dozen of young women willing to marry to advantage.... to go to Nova Scotia.

W

No. XXXIX. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24.

.....Sepulchri
Mitte supervacuos honores. Hor.

These but the trappings and the signs of woe. Shakesp.

AS I was passing the other night through a narrow little lane in the skirts of the city, I was stopped by a grand procession of an hearse and three mourning-coaches drawn by six horses, accompanied with a great number of flambeaus and attendants in black. I naturally concluded that all this parade was employed to pay the last honours to some eminent person, whose consequence in life required, that his ashes should receive all the respect, which his friends and relations could pay them: but I could not help smiling, when upon enquiry I was told, that the corpse (on whom all this expence had been lavished) was no other than Tom Taster the cheese-monger, who had lain in state all the week at his house in Thames-street, and was going to be deposited with his ancestors in White-Chapel burying-ground. This illustrious personage was the son of a butcher in White-Chapel, and died, indeed, but in indifferent circumstances: his widow, however, for the honour of *her* family, was resolved at all events to *bury him handsomely*.

I have already taken notice of that ridiculous affectation among the middling sort of people, which induces them to make a figure beyond their circumstances: nor is this vanity less absurd, which extends to the dust, and by which the dead are made accessary to robbing the living. I have frequently known a greater sum expended at the funeral of a tradesman, than would have kept his whole family for a twelve-

month; and it has more than once happened, that the next heir, has been flung into gaol, for not being able to pay the undertaker's bill.

This absurd notion of being handsomely buried, has given rise to the most contradictory customs that could possibly be contrived for the advantage of death-hunters. As funerals are at present conducted, all distinction is lost among us; and there is no more difference between the duke and the dancing-master in the manner of their burial, than is to be found between their dust in the grave. It is easy to account for the introduction of the hearse and mourning-coach in our funeral ceremonies; though their propriety is entirely destroyed by the promiscuous use of them. Our ancient and noble families may be supposed to have particular family-vaults near their mansion-houses in the country, and in which their progenitors have been deposited for ages. It is therefore very natural, that persons of distinction, who had been used to be conveyed to their country-seats by a set of horses, should be also transmitted to their graves by the same number; and be attended with the same magnificence at their deaths, which they had been accustomed to in their lives. But the spirit of affecting the manners of the great has made the lowest plebeians vie with people of quality in the pomp of their burials: a tradesman, who has trudged on foot all his life, shall be carried after death, scarce an hundred yards from his house with the equipage and retinue of a lord; and the plodding cit, whose ambition never soared beyond the occasional one-horse chair, must be dragged to his long home by six horses. Such an ill-timed ostentation of grandeur appears to me no less ridiculous than the vanity of the highwayman, who sold his body to the surgeon that he might hire a mourning-coach, and go to the gallows like a gentleman.

There is another custom, which was doubtless first introduced by the great, but has been since adopted by others, who have not the least title to it. The herald's office was originally instituted for the distinction and preservation of gentility; and nobody is allowed to bear a coat of arms unless it is peculiarly appropriated to the family, and the bearer himself is entitled to that honourable badge. From this consideration we may account for the practice of hanging the hearse round with escutcheons, on which the arms of the deceased were blazoned, and which served to denote whose ashes it conveyed. For the same purpose, an atchievement was afterwards fixed over the door of the late habitation of the deceased. The ensign of death may fairly be indulged, where the persons are ennobled by their birth or station, and where it serves to remind the passer-by of any great or good actions performed by the deceased, or to inspire the living with an emulation of their virtues. But why, forsooth, cannot an obscure or insignificant creature go out of the world, without advertising it by the atchievement? For my part, I generally consider it as a bill on an empty house, which serves the widow to acquaint us, that the former tenant is gone, and that another occupier is wanted in his room. Many families have, indeed, been very much perplexed in making out their right to this mark of gentility, and great profit has arisen to the herald's office by the purchase of arms for this purpose. Many a worthy tradesman of plebeian extraction has been made a gentleman after his decease by the courtesy of his undertaker; and I once knew a keeper of a tavern, who not being able to give any account of his wife's genealogy, put up his sign, the King's Arms, for an atchievement at her death.

It was the custom, in the time of the plague, to fix a mark on those houses, in which any one had died. This probably may have given rise to the general

shion of hanging up an atchievement. However this
, it is now designed as a polite token, that a death
s happened in the family; and might reasonably be
derstood as a warning to keep people from intrud-
g on their grief. No such thing is, indeed, intend-
by it; I am therefore of opinion, that it ought eve-
where to be taken down after the first week. What-
er outward signs of mourning may be preserved,
regard is ever paid to them within: the same visit-
gs, the same card-playings, are carried on as before;
d so little respect is shewn to the atchievement, that
it happens (as it often does) to intersect one of the
ndows in the grand apartment, it is occasionally
moved, whenever the lady dowager gives a grand
tertainment.

This naturally leads me to consider how much "the
customary suits of solemn black," and the other
trappings and signs of woe," are become a mere farce
id matter of form only. When a person of distinc-
on goes out of the world, not only the relations, but
e whole household, must be cloathed in sable. The
tchen wench scours her dishes in crape, and the
lper in the stables rubs down his horses in black
athern breeches. Every thing must put on a dismal
pearance: even the coach must be covered and lin-
l with black. This last particular, it is reasonable
imagine, is intended (like a death's head on the
ilette) to put the owner constantly in mind, that the
mp of the world and all gay pursuits are but vain
id perishable. Yet what is more common, than for
ese vehicles to wait at the doors of the theatres, the
era-house, and other public places of diversion?
hose, who are carried in them, are as little affected
' their dismal appearance, as the horses that draw
em; and I once saw with great surprise an harle-
in, a scaramouch, a shepherdess, and a black sattin

devil, get into a mourning-coach to go to a jubilee masquerade.

If I should not be thought to lay too much stress on the lesser formalities observed in mourning, I might mention the admirable method of qualifying the melancholy hue of a mourning-ring, by enlivening it with the brilliancy of a diamond. I knew a young lady, who wore on the same finger a ring set round with a death's head and cross marrow-bones, for the loss of her father, and another prettily embellished with burning hearts pierced through with darts, in respect to her lover. But what I most of all admire, is the ingenious contrivance, by which persons spread the tidings of the death of their relations to the most distant parts, by means of black-edged paper, and black sealing-wax. If it were possible to inspect the several letters that bear about them these external tokens of grief, I believe we should hardly ever find the contents of the same gloomy complexion: a merry tale, or an amorous Billet-doux, would be much oftener found to be conveyed under these dismal passports, than doleful lamentation or reflections on mortality: and indeed, these mock signs of woe are so little attended to, that a person opens one of these letters with no more concern, than is felt by the postman who brings it.

We cannot suppose, that black-edged paper was ever intended to be defiled by vulgar hands, but was contrived, like gilt paper, for the use of the polite world only. But alas! we must always be aping the manners of our betters. My agent sends me letters about business upon gilt paper; and a stationer near the 'Change tells me, that he not only sells a great quantity of mourning paper to the citizens, but that he has lately blacked the edges of the shop-books for several tradesmen. My readers must have seen an *elegant kind* of paper, imported from France, for the

se of our fine ladies and gentlemen. An acquaint-nce of mine has contrived a new sort of mourning aper on the same plan: and as the margin of the ther is prettily adorned with flowers, true lovers nots, little cupids, and amorous posies in red ink; e intends, that the margin of his paper shall be dis-ially stamped in black ink with the figures of tomb-ones, hour-glasses, bones, skulls, and other emblems f death, to be used by persons of quality, when in ourning.

T

No. XL. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31.

Periculosæ plenum opus aleæ. Hor.

Curst is the wretch, enslav'd to such a vice,
Who ventures life and soul upon the dice.

To Mr. Town.

IR,

YOUR frequent ridicule of the several branches f Gaming has given me great pleasure: I could only ish, that you had completed the design by drawing t large the portrait of a gamester. This, since you mitted it, I have ventured to undertake; and while our papers on this subject serve as a counter-treatise o that of Hoyle on Whist, Hazard, &c. my rough raught of the professors of these arts may tend to lustrate the work, and stand as properly in the fron-ispiece, as the knave of clubs at the door of a card-naker.

The whole tribe of gamesters may be ranked under wo divisions: every man, who makes carding, dic-

ing, and betting, his daily practice, is either a dupe or a sharper; two characters equally the objects of envy and admiration. The dupe is generally a person of great fortune and weak intellects,

> " Who will as tenderly be led by th' nose,
> " As asses are." SHAKSP.

He plays, not that he has any delight in cards or dice, but because it is the fashion; and if whist or hazard are proposed, he will no more refuse to make one at the table, than, among a set of hard drinkers, he would object to drinking his glass in turn, because he is not dry.

There are some few instances of men of sense, as well as family and fortune, who have been dupes and bubbles. Such an unaccountable itch of play has seized them, that they have sacrificed every thing to it, and have seemed wedded to seven's the main, and the odd trick. There is not a more melancholy object than a gentleman of sense thus infatuated. He makes himself and family a prey to a gang of villains, more infamous than highwaymen; and perhaps when his ruin is compleated, he is glad to join with the very scoundrels that destroyed him, and live upon the spoils of others, whom he can draw into the same follies that proved so fatal to himself.

Here we may take a survey of the character of a sharper; and that he may have no room to complain of foul play, let us begin with its excellencies. You will perhaps be startled, Mr. Town, when I mention the excellencies of a sharper; but a gamester, who makes a decent figure in the world, must be endued with many amiable qualities, which would undoubtedly appear with great lustre, were they not eclipsed by the odious character affixed to his trade. In order to carry on the common business of his profession, he

ıust be a man of quick and lively parts, attended with Stoical calmness of temper, and a constant presence f mind. He must smile at the loss of thousands; nd is not to be discomposed, though ruin stares him ı the face. As he is to live among the great, he must ot want politeness and affability; he must be sub-ıissive, but not servile; he must be master of an in-enuous liberal air, and have a seeming openness of ehaviour.

These must be the chief accomplishments of our ero; but lest I should be accused of giving too fa-ourable a likeness of him, now we have seen his out-ide, let us take a view of his heart. There we shall nd avarice, the main spring that moves the whole nachine. Every gamester is eaten up with avarice, nd when this passion is in full force, it is more strong-y predominant than any other. It conquers even ust; and conquers it more effectually than age. At ixty we look at a fine woman with pleasure: but when cards and dice have engrossed our attention, women and all their charms are slighted at five-and-:wenty. A thorough gamester renounces Venus and Cupid for Plutus and Ames-ace, and owns no mistress of his heart except the queen of trumps. His insatiable ıvarice can only be gratified by hypocrisy; so that all those specious virtues already mentioned, and which, if real, might be turned to the benefit of mankind, must be directed in a gamester towards the destruc-tion of his fellow-creatures. His quick and lively parts serve only to instruct and assist him in the most dextrous method of packing the cards, and cogging the dice; his fortitude, which enables him to lose thousands, without emotion, must often be practised against the stings and reproaches of his own conscience; and his liberal deportment and affected open-ness is only a specious veil, to recommend and con-ceal the blackest villany.

It is now necessary to take a second survey of his heart; and as we have seen its vices, let us consider its miseries. The covetous man, who has not sufficient courage or inclination to encrease his fortune by bets, cards, or dice, but is contented to hoard up his thousands by thefts less public, or by cheats less liable to uncertainty, lives in a state of perpetual suspicion and terror; but the avaricious fears of the gamester are infinitely greater. He is constantly to wear a mask; and like Monsieur St. Croix, coadjutor to that famous *empoisonneuse* Madame Brinvillier, if his mask falls off, he runs the hazard of being suffocated by the stench of his own poisons. I have seen some examples of this sort not many years ago at White's. I am uncertain, whether the wretches are still alive; but if they are, they breathe like toads under ground, crawling amidst old walls and paths long since unfrequented.

But supposing that the sharper's hypocrisy remains undetected, in what a state of mind must that man be whose fortune depends upon the insincerity of his heart, the disingenuity of his behaviour, and the false bias of his dice? What sensations must he suppress, when he is obliged to smile, although he is provoked; when he must look serene in the height of despair; and when he must act the stoic, without the consolation of one virtuous sentiment, or one moral principle? How unhappy must he be even in that situation, from whence he hopes to reap most benefit; ....I mean, amidst stars, garters, and the various herds of nobility? Their lordships are not always in an humour for play: they chuse to laugh; they chuse to joke; in the mean time our hero must patiently await the good hour, and must not only join in the laugh, and applaud the joke, but must humour every turn and caprice, to which that set of spoiled children, called *bucks* of quality, are liable. Surely his brother

employment, of sauntering on horseback
d and rain until the Reading coach passes
mallberry-Green, is the more eligible, and
nest occupation.

rper has also frequently the mortification of
arted in his designs. Opportunities of fraud
: ever present themselves. The false die
constantly produced, nor the packed cards
ced upon the table. It is then our game-
he greatest danger. But even then, when
he power of fortune, and has nothing but
and fair play on his side, he must stand
and perhaps give away his last guinea, as
: would lend a nobleman a shilling.

o is now going off the stage, and his catas-
very tragical. The next news we hear of
death, achieved by his own hand, and with
stol. An inquest is bribed, he is buried at
and forgotten before sun-rise.

wo portraits of a sharper, wherein I have
ed to shew different likenesses in the same
me in mind of an old print, which I re-
t Oxford, of Count Guiscard. At his first
vas exhibited in a full-bottom wig, an hat
r, embroidered cloaths, diamond buttons,
ll court-dress of those days: but by pulling
he folds of the paper were shifted, the face
ned, a new body came forward, and Count
appeared to be a devil.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

M. N.

No. XLI. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7.

Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,
Multa tulit fecitque puer..... Hor.

Gownsmen with jockies hold an equal pace,
Learn'd in the turf, and students of the race.

Mr. Village to Mr. Town.

Dear Cousin,

THE following letter, occasioned by the late races at Newmarket, and written by a fellow-commoner of.....College, Cambridge, to a friend in London, fell into my hands by accident. The writer, if we may judge by his style and manner, is really, according to the modern phrase, a genius. As I look upon his epistle to be a very curious original, I cannot help demanding for it a place in your paper, as well as for the remarks which I have taken the liberty to subjoin to it.

To John Wildfire, Esq; to be left at Mrs. Douglas's Covent-Garden, London.

Dear Jack! October 10, 1754.

I WAS in hopes I should have met you at Newmarket races; but to say the truth, if your luck had turned out so bad as mine you did better to stay away. Dick Riot, Tom Loungeit, and I went together to Newmarket the first day of the meeting. I was mounted on my little bay mare, that cost me thirty guineas in the north. I never crossed a better tit in my life; and if her eyes stand, as I dare say they will, she will turn out as tight a little thing as any in England. Then she is fleet as the wind. Why, I raced with Dick and Tom *all the way* from Cambridge to Newmarket: Dick

ıis roan gelding, and Tom his chesnut mare,
ı you know, have both speed) but I beat them
'. I cannot help telling you, that I was dressed
blue riding-frock with plate buttons, with a lea-
elt round my waist, my jemmy turn-down boots
by Tull, my brown scratch bob, and my hat
he narrow silver-lace, cocked in the true sport-
ste: so that altogether I do not believe there
more knowing figure upon the course. I was
ush too, Jack; for Michaelmas-day happening
d luckily just about the time of the races, I had
ed fifty guineas for my quarterage. As soon as
e upon the course, I met with some jolly bucks
London. I never saw them before; however,
re soon acquainted, and I took up the odds; but
damnably let in, for I lost thirty pieces slap, the
ıy. The day or two after, I had no remarkable
ne way or other: but at last I laid all the cash I
ft upon lord March's Smart, who lost, you know;
tween you and me, I have a great notion Tom
ıal rode booty. However, I had a mind to push
ck as far as I could; so I sold my poor little
for twelve pieces, went to the coffee-house, and
em all behind me at the gaming-table; and I
l not have been able to have got back to Cam-
that night, if Bob Whip of Trinity had not ta-
e up in his Phaeton. We have had a round of
s at our rooms since; and I have been drunk
day to drive away care. However, I hope to
: again soon: Frank Classic of Pembroke has
sed to make me out a long catalogue of Greek
; so I will write directly to old Square-toes, send
ıe list, tell him I have taken them up, and draw
ı for money to pay the bookseller's bill. Then
be rich again, Jack: and perhaps you may see

me at the Shakspeare by the middle of next week: until when, I am,

Dear Jack, yours,

T. FLAREIT.

I have often lamented the narrow plan of our university education, and always observe with pleasure any attempts to enlarge and improve it. In this light, I cannot help looking on New-market as a judicious supplement to the university of Cambridge, and would recommend it to the young students to repair duly thither twice a year. By these means they connect the knowledge of polite life with study, and come from college as deeply versed in the genteel mysteries of gaming, as in Greek, Latin, and the mathematics. Attending these solemnities must, indeed, be of great service to every rank of students. Those, who are intended for the church, have an opportunity of tempering the severity of their character, by an happy mixture of the jockey and clergyman. I have known several, who by uniting these opposite qualifications, and meeting with a patron of their own disposition, have rode themselves into a living in a good sporting country; and I doubt not, if the excursion of gownsmen to Newmarket meet with the encouragement they deserve, but we shall shortly see the Beacon Course crouded with ordained sportsmen in short cassocks. As to the fellow-commoners, I do not see how they can pass their time more profitably. The sole intention of their residence at the university is, with the most of them, to while away a couple of years, which they cannot conveniently dispose of otherwise. Their rank exempts them from the common drudgery of lectures and exercises; and the golden tuft that adorns their velvet caps, is at once a badge of honour and an apology for ignorance. But as *some* of these gentlemen, though they never will be

scholars, may turn out excellent jockeys, it is but justice to let them carry some kind of knowledge away with them; and as they can never shine as adepts in Sir Isaac Newton's philosophy, or critics on Homer and Virgil, we should suffer them to make a figure as arbiters of the course, and followers of Aaron and Driver.

I am the more earnest on this occasion, becaase I look upon races as a diversion, peculiarly adapted to an university, and founded upon classical principles. Every author who has mentioned the ancient games, includes the race, and describes it with great dignity. This game was always celebrated with great pomp, and all the people of fashion of those days were present at it. In the twenty-third Iliad in particular, there is not only a dispute at the race, but a bet proposed in as express terms as at Newmarket. The wager offered, indeed, is a goblet, which is not entirely in the manner of our modern sportsmen, who rather choose to melt down their plate in the current specie, and bring their sideboards to the course in their purses. I am aware also, that the races celebrated by the ancients, were chariot-races: but even in these, our young students of the university have great emulation to excel: There are among them many very good coachmen, who often make excursions in those noble vehicles, with great propriety called phaetons, and drive with as much fury along the road, as the charioteers in the ancient games flew towards the goal. In a word, if we have not such noble odes on this occasion, as were produced of old, it is not for want of a Theron but a Pindar.

The advices, which I have at several times received of the influence of the races at Newmarket on the university, give me great pleasure. It has not only improved the behaviour of the students, but enlarged their plan of study. They are now very deeply read in

Bracken's Farriery and the Complete Jocl exactly how many stone they weigh, and competent judges of the odds. I went som to visit a fellow-commoner, and when I arr chambers, found the door open, but my frie at home. The room was adorned with prints of horses neatly framed and glazed; whip hung on one hook, a pair of boots o and on the table lay a formidable quart Sportsman's Calendar by Reginald Heber I had the curiosity to examine the book; college is remarkable for the study of phi expected to see Newton's Principia, or pe derson's Algebra: but on opening it, this lume proved to be a pompous edition o Treatise on the Diseases of Horses.

These indeed are noble studies, will pr youth from pedantry, and make them m world. Men of genius, who are pleased theory of any art, will not be contented unt rive at the practice. I am told, that the y tlemen often try the speed of the Cambridg the Beacon Course, and that several hacka sent in training. I have often wondered, th tlemen who form the club at Newmarket, flected on their neighbourhood to Cambrid tablished (in honour of it) an university pl run for by Cambridge hacks, rode by you men of the university. An hint of this kin tainly be sufficient to have this laudable des practice the very next meeting; and I ca reflecting on this occasion, what an unspe tisfaction it must be to those persons of qu are constantly at New-market, to see their rish the same noble principles with thems act in imitation of their example.

" Go on, brave youths! 'till, in some future age,
" Whips shall become the senatorial badge;
" Till England see her jocky senators
" Meet all at Westminster in boots and spurs;
" See the whole house, with mutual frenzy mad,
" Her patriots all in leathern breeches clad!
" Of bets, not taxes, learnedly debate,
" And guide with equal reins a steed and state."

WARTON'S NEWMARKET.

No. XLII. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14.

.....Sermonum stet honos et gratia vivax. HOR.

What energy and grace adorns our tongue!
Sweet as the Grecian, as the Roman strong!

A FRIEND of mine lately gave me an account of a set of gentlemen, who meet together once a week, under the name of the English Club. The title, with which they dignify their Society, arises from the chief end of their meeting, which is to cultivate their mother tongue. They employ half the time of their assembling in hearing some of our best classics read to them, which generally furnishes them with conversation for the rest of the evening. They have instituted annual festivals in honour of Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, &c. on each of which an oration, interspersed with encomiums in the English language, is spoken in praise of the author, who (in the phrase of the almanack) gives the red letter to the day. They have also established a fund, from which handsome rewards are allotted to those who shall supply the place of any exotic terms, that have been smuggled into our language, by homespun British words, equal-

ly significant and expressive. An order is also made against importing any contraband phrases into the Club, by which heavy fines are laid on those, who shall have any modish barbarisms found upon them: whether they be foreign words, ancient or modern, or any cant terms coined by The Town, for the service of the current year.

The whole account which I received from my friend, gave me great satisfaction: and I never remember any society, that met together on such commendable principles. Their proceedings, it must, however, be confessed, are somewhat unfashionable; for the English tongue is become as little the general care as English beef, or English honesty. Young gentlemen are obliged to drudge at the school for nine or ten years, in order to scrape together as much Greek and Latin as they can forget during their tour abroad; and have commonly at the same time a private master, to give them French enough to land them with some reputation at Calais. This is to be sure very prudent as well as genteel. Yet some people are perverse enough to imagine, that to teach boys a foreign language, living or dead, without at the same time grounding them in their mother tongue, is a very preposterous plan of education. The Romans, though they studied at Athens, directed their studies to the benefit of their own country; and though they read Greek, wrote in Latin. There are at this day in France academies established for the support and preservation of the French language: and perhaps, if to the present professorships of Hebrew and Greek, there should be added a professorship of the English language, it would be no disgrace to our learned universities.

When we consider, that our language is preferable to most, if not all others now in being, it seems some*thing* extraordinary, that any attention should be paid

to a foreign tongue that is refused to our own, when we are likely to get so little by the exchange. But when we reflect further on the remarkable purity, to which some late authors have brought it, we are still more concerned at the present neglect of it. This shameful neglect I take to be owing chiefly to these two reasons; the false pride of those who are esteemed men of learning, and the ridiculous affectation of our fine gentlemen, and pretenders to wit.

In complaisance to our fine gentlemen, who are themselves the allowed standards of politeness, I shall begin with them first. Their conversation exactly answers the description, which Benedick gives of Claudio's: "their words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes." These dishes too are all French; and I do not know whether their conversation does not a good deal depend on their bill of fare; and whether the thin meagre diet, on which our fine gentlemen subsist, does not in some measure take away the power of that bold articulation, necessary to give utterance to manly British accents: whence their conversation becomes "so fantastical a banquet," and every sentence they deliver is almost as heterogeneous a mixture as a salmagundy. A fashionable coxcomb now never complains of the vapours, but tells you that he is very much *ennuyee*:...he does not affect to be genteel but *degagee*:...nor is he taken with an elegant simplicity in a beautiful countenance, but breaks out in raptures on a *je ne scai quoi*, and a certain *naviete*. In a word, his head as well as heels is entirely French; and he is a thorough *petit maitre* in his language as well as behaviour. But notwithstanding all this, I do not know, whether the conversation of our pretenders to wit is not still more barbarous. When they talk of humbug, &c. they seem to be jabbering in the uncouth dialect of the Huns, or the rude gabble of the Hottentots: or if their words are at all

allied to the language of this country, it probably comes nearest to the strange cant said to be in use among the housebreakers and highwaymen; and if their jargon will bear any explanation, the curious are most likely to meet with it in a polite vocabulary, lately published under the title of the Scoundrel's Dictionary.

Many who are accounted men of learning, if they do not join with fops and coxcombs to corrupt our language, at least do very little to promote it, and are sometimes very indifferently acquainted with it. There are many persons of both our Universities, who can decypher an old Greek manuscript, and construe Lycophron extempore, who scarce know the idiom of their own language, and are at a loss how to dispatch a familiar letter with tolerable facility. These gentlemen seem to think, that learning consists merely in being versed in languages not generally understood. But it should be considered, that the same genius which animated the ancients, has dispensed at least some portion of its heat to later ages, and particularly to the English. Those who are really charmed with Homer and Sophocles, will hardly read Shakspeare and Milton without emotion; and if I was inclined to carry on the parallel, I could perhaps mention as many great names as Athens ever produced The knowledge of Greek, Latin, &c. is certainly very valuable; but this may be attained without the loss of their mother tongue: for these reverend gentlemen should know, that languages are not like preferments in the church, too many of which cannot be held together.

This great neglect of our own tongue is one of the principal reasons, that we are so seldom favoured with any publications from either of our Universities; which we might expect very often, considering the *great* number of learned men who reside there. The

press [illegible]g thus deserted by those, who might naturally be expected to support it, falls to the care of a set of illiterate hirelings, in whose hands it is no wonder if the language is every day mangled, and should at last be utterly destroyed. Writing is well known to be as much a trade as any handicraft whatever; and every man who can vamp up any thing for present sale, though void of sense or syntax, is listed by the bookseller as an author. But allowing all our present writers to be men of parts and learning, (as there are doubtless some who may be reckoned so) is it probable that they should exert their abilities to the utmost, when they do not write for fame, like the ancients, but as a means of subsistence? If Herodotus and Livy had sold their histories at so much a sheet, and all the other Greek and Latin classics had written in the same circumstances with many modern authors, they would hardly have merited all that applause they so justly receive at present. The plays of Sophocles and Eutipides might perhaps not have been much better than modern tragedies; Virgil might have got a dinner by half a dozen town eclogues; and Horace have wrote birth-day odes, or now and then a lampoon on the company at the Baiæ.

A false modesty is another great cause of the few publications by men of eminence and learning. However equal to the task, they have not sufficient confidence to venture to the press, but are rather guilty of wilful injustice to themselves and to the public. They are also ashamed of appearing among the common herd of authors. But the press, though it is often abused, should by no means be accounted scandalous or dishonourable. Though a learned and ingenious writer might not chuse to be mustered in the same roll with ..... or Mr. Town, yet we have an Hooke, a Browne, an Akenside, and many others, in whose company it will be an honour to appear. I would not

willingly suppose, that they are afraid to hazard the characters they now maintain, of being men of learning and abilities; for while we only take these things for granted, their reputations are but weakly established. To rescue our native language from the hands of ignorants and mercenaries, is a task worthy those, who are accounted ornaments of our seats of learning; and it is surely more than common ingratitude in those, who eat the bread of literature, to refuse their utmost endeavours to support it.

O

No. XLIII. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21.

Spectaret populum ludis attentius ipsis,
Ut sibi præbentem mimo spectacula plura. Hor.

Pit, box and gallery I with joy survey,
And more observe the audience than the play.

A FEW years ago an ingenious player gave notice in the bill of his benefit night, that the Prologue should be spoken by the Pit, which he contrived to have represented on the stage. Another time he drew in the whole house to act as chorus to a new farce; and I remember that in the last rebellion, the loyal acclamations of "God save the King," might have been heard from Drury-Lane to Charing-Cross. Upon these and many other occasions the audience has been known to enter into the immediate business of the drama; and, to say the truth, I never go into any theatre, without looking on the spectators as playing a part almost as much as the actors themselves. All the company from the stage-box to the upper-gallery,

ow their cues very well, and perform their parts th great spirit. I began the season with a few ani- dversions on the chief faults, to which our perform- s are liable. To-day I shall beg leave to say a word two to the audience, as my reflections on the the- re would otherwise be incomplete. On this occa- on I expect the thanks of the managers: and would commend it to them to put my thirty-fourth num- r into a frame and glass, and hang it up in the green om, for the benefit of the players; and to dispose ree or four thousand of the present number into e several part of the house, as Bayes dispersed pa- ers to insinuate the plot of his piece into the boxes.

The first part of the audience, that demands our at- ntion, is so nearly allied to the actors, that they al- ays appear on the same level with them: but while e performers endeavour to carry on the business of e play, these gentlemen behind the scenes serve ly to hinder and disturb it. There is no part of the ouse, from which a play can be seen to so little ad- ntage as from the stage; yet this situation is very nvenient on many other considerations, of more nsequence to a fine gentleman. It looks particu- r: it is the best place to shew a handsome person, an elegant suit of cloaths: a bow from the stage to beauty in the box is most likely to attract our no- ce; and a pretty fellow may perhaps with tolerable anagement get the credit of an intrigue with some the actresses. But notwithstanding all these ad- ntages accruing to our fine gentlemen, I could eartily wish they would leave a clear stage to the erformers; or at least that none should be admitted ehind the scenes, but such as would submit to be of me use there. As these gentlemen are ready drest, ey might help to swell the retinue of a monarch, in the engagement in a tragedy battle, or do any ther little office that might occur in the play, which

requires but little sense and no memory. But if they have not any genius for acting, and are still desirous of retaining their post by the side-scenes, they should be obliged to take a musket, bayonet, pouch, and the rest of the accoutrements, and stand on guard quietly and decently with the soldiers.

The boxes are often filled with persons, who do not come to the theatre out of any regard to Shakspeare or Garrick, but, like the fine lady in Lethe, "because "every body is there." As these people cannot be expected to mind the play themselves, we can only desire them not call off the attention of others; nor interrupt the dialogue on the stage by a louder conversation of their own. The silent courtship of the eyes, ogles, nods, glances, and courtsies from one box to another, may be allowed them the same as at church; but nothing more, except at coronations, funeral processions and pantomimes. Here I cannot help recommending it to the gentlemen who draw the the pen from under their right ears about seven o'clock, clap on a bag-wig and sword, and drop into the boxes at end of the third act, to take their half crown's worth with as much decency as possible; as well as the bloods, who reel from the taverns about Covent-Garden near that time, and tumble drunk into the boxes. Before I quit this part of the house, I must take notice of that division of the upper-boxes, properly distinguished by the name of the Flesh-market. There is frequently as much art used to make the flesh exhibited here look wholesome, and (as Tim says in the farce) "all over red and white like the inside of a "shoulder of mutton," as there is by the butchers to make their veal look white; and it is as often rank carrion and fly-blown. If these ladies would appear in any other quarter of the house, I would only beg of them, and those who come to market, to drive their bargains with as little noise as possible: but I have

ved with some concern, that these women
pear in the lower boxes, to the destruction
, and great confusion of all modest ladies.
ioped, that some of their friends will advise
pretend to appear there, any more than
or it is as absurd to endeavour the removal
rket into the front and side boxes, as it
the butchers of St. James's Market to at-
the shambles in St. James's Square.
ow desire the reader to descend with me,
d hats and capuchins, into the pit. The
rand court of criticism; and in the centre
:cted that awful body, distinguished by the
Town. Hence are issued the irrevocable
id here final sentence is pronounced on
layers. This court has often been very
decisions, and has been known to declare
lays barbarously murdered, and most of
ones *felo de se*: but it must not be dis-
at many a cause of great consequence has
a fair hearing. Parties and private cabals
)een formed to thwart the progress of me-
)ouse ignorance and dulness: for it is not
:hat the parliament of criticism, like all o-
d be liable to corruption. In this assem-
wn was first nominated critic and censor-
it considering the notorious bribery now
I think proper to declare, (in imitation of
Conscious Lovers) that I never took a
for my vote in all my life.
io pay their two shillings at the door of the
:ry, seem to frequent the theatre purely
of seeing the play: though these peaceful
sometimes disturbed by the incursions of
:s of pleasure, sometimes contain persons
i disguise, and sometimes critics in am-
greatest fault I have to object to those who

fill this quarter of the theatre, is their frequent and injudicious interruption of the business of the play by their applause. I have seen a bad actor clapt two minutes together for ranting, or perhaps shrugging up his shoulders, and making wry faces; and I have seen the natural course of the passions checked in a good one, by these ill-judged testimonies of their approbation. It is recorded of Betterton to his honour, that he thought a deep silence through the whole house, and a strict attention to his playing, the strongest and surest signs of his being well received.

The inhabitants of the upper-gallery demand our notice as well as the rest of the theatre. The trunk-maker of immortal memory, was the most celebrated hero of these regions: but since he is departed, and no able-bodied critic appointed in his room, I cannot help giving the same caution to the upper-gallery, as to the gentry a pair of stairs lower. Some of the under-comedians will perhaps be displeased at this order, who are proud of these applauses, and rejoice to hear the lusty bangs from the oaken towels of their friends against the wainscot of the upper-gallery: but I think they should not be allowed to shatter the pannels without amending our taste; since their thwacks, however vehement, are seldom laid on with sufficient judgment to ratify our applause. It were better, therefore, if the present twelve-penny critics of this town, who preside over our diversions in the upper-gallery, would content themselves with the inferior duties of their office; viz. to take care that the play begins at the proper time, that the music between the acts is of a due length, and that the candles are snuffed in tune.

After these brief admonitions concerning our behaviour at the play, which are intended as a kind of *vade mecum* for the frequenters of the theatre, I cannot conclude my paper more properly than with an ex-

from the Tale of a Tub, shewing the judicious ibution of our play-houses into pit, boxes, and eries.

I confess, that there is something very refined in e contrivance and structure of our modern theaes. For, first; the pit is sunk below the stage, iat whatever weighty matter shall be delivered om thence, (whether it be lead or gold) may fall lumb into the jaws of certain critics, (as I think iey are called) which stand ready open to devour iem. Then, the boxes are built round, and raised) a level with the scene, in deference to the laies; because that large portion of wit, laid out in aising pruriences and protruberances, is observed) run much upon a line, and ever in a circle. The hining passions, and little starved conceits, are ently wafted up by their own extreme levity, to the iiddle region, and there fix and are frozen by the igid understandings of the inhabitants. Bombasy and buffoonry, by nature lofty and light, soar ighest of all, and would be lost in the roof, if the rudent architect had not with much foresight conived for them a fourth place, called the Twelvenny Gallery, and there planted a suitable colony, vho greedily intercept them in their passage."
)

No. XLIV. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25.

.....Des nominis hujus honorem. HOR.

Let ev'ry Wapping Wife to lady swell,
And each St. Giles's Miss be Ma'emoiselle.

I LATELY took a survey of the female world, as Censor-General; and upon a strict review was very much surprised to find, that there is scarce one woman to be met with, except among the lowest of the vulgar. The sex consists entirely of ladies. Every Joan is lifted into a lady; and the maid and the mistress are equally dignified with this polite title. The stage-coaches are constantly filled with ladies..... At Bartholomew-fair there is always an hop for the ladies.....And if the ladies in the drawing room are employed at whist, their last night's cards are made use of in a rubber by the ladies of the steward's room; while the other ladies of the family are staking their halfpence at put or all-fours in the kitchen. .....In a word, whenever there is occasion to speak of the female world, honourable mention is always made of them by the respectful appellation of The Ladies: as the young and the old, the black and the brown, the homely and the handsome, are all complaisantly included under the general title of The Fair.

Since therefore the ladies of Great Britain make up so numerous a body, I should be loth to disoblige so considerable a sister-hood, and shall devote this paper entirely to their service. I propose at present to marshal them into their respective ranks; and upon a review I find that they may be justly distributed under these five divisions: viz. married ladies, maiden or young ladies, ladies of quality, fine ladies, and lastly (without affront to the good company) ladies of *pleasure*.

I shall begin with the married ladies, as this order will be found to be far the most numerous, and includes all the married women in town or country above the degree of a chair-woman or the trundler of a wheel-barrow. The plain old English word Wife has long been discarded in our conversation, as being only fit for the broad mouths of the vulgar. A well-bred ear is startled at the very sound of wife, as at a coarse and indelicate expression; and I appeal to any fashionable couple, whether they would not be as much ashamed to be mentioned together as man and wife, as they would be to appear together at court in a fardingale and trunk-breeches. From Hyde-Park Corner to Temple-Bar, this monster of a wife has not been heard of since the antiquated times of dame and your worship; and in the city every good housewife is at least a "lady of the other end of the town." In the country you might as well dispute the pretensions of every fox-hunter to the title of esquire, as of his helpmate to that of lady; and in every corporation town, whoever matches with a burgess, becomes a lady by right of charter. My cousin village, (from whom I have all my rural intelligence) informs me, that upon the strictest enquiry there is but one wife in the town where he now lives, and that is the parson's wife, who is never mentioned by the country ladies but as a dowdy, and an old-fashioned creature. Such is the great privilege of matrimony, that every female is ennobled by changing her sirname: for as every unmarried woman is a Miss, every married one by the same courtesy is a lady.

The next order of dignified females is composed of maiden or young ladies; which terms are synonymous, and are differently applied to females of the age of fourteen or threescore. We must not therefore be surprised to hear of maiden ladies, who are known to have had several children, or to meet with

young ladies, that look like old dowagers. At the house of an acquaintance where I lately visited, I was told that we were to expect Mrs. Jackson and the two Miss Wrinkles. But what was my surprise! when I saw on their arrival a blooming female of twenty five accosted under the first denomination, and the two nymphs as I expected, come tottering into the room, the youngest of them to all appearance on the verge of threescore. I could not help wishing on this occasion, that some middle term was invented, between Miss and Mrs. to be adopted, at a certain age, by all females not inclined to matrimony. For surely nothing can be more ridiculous, than to hear a grey-haired lady past her grand climacteric, mentioned in terms that convey the idea of youth and beauty, and perhaps of a bib and hanging-sleeves. This indiscriminate appellation unavoidably creates much confusion: I know an eminent tradesman, who lost a very good customer for innocently writing Mrs. ..... at the head of her bill: and I was lately at a ball, where trusting to a friend for a partner, I was obliged to do penance with an old withered beldam, who hobbled through several country-dances with me, though she was ancient enough to have been my grand-mother. Excluding these young ladies of fifty and sixty, this order of females is very numerous; for there is scarce a girl in town or country, superior to a milk-maid or cinder-wench, but is comprehended in it. The daughters are indisputably young ladies, though their papas may be tradesmen or mechanics. For the present race of shop-keepers, &c. have wisely provided that their gentility shall be preserved in the female part of the family. Thus, although the son is called plain Jack, and perhaps bound apprentice to his father, the daughter is taught to hold up her head, make tea in the little parlour behind the shop, and inherits the title *of lady from* her mamma. To make these claims to

dignity more sure, those excellent seminaries of genteel education, called boarding-schools, have been contrived; where, instead of teazing a sampler, or conning a chapter of the bible, the young ladies are instructed to hold up their heads, make a curtsey, and to behave themselves in every respect like pretty little ladies. Hence it happens, that we may often observe several of those polite damsels in the skirts of White-Chapel, and in every petty country town; nay, it is common to meet with young ladies "born and bred," who have submitted to keep a chandler's shop, or had humility enough even to go to service.

I proceed next to take into consideration what is generally understood by ladies of quality. These in other words may be more properly called ladies of fashion; for, in the modish acceptation of the phrase, not so much regard is had to their birth or station, or even to their coronet, as to their way of life. The duchess, who has not taste enough to act up to the character of a person of quality, is no more respected in the polite world than a city knight's lady; nor does she derive any greater honour from her title, than the hump backed woman receives from the vulgar. But what is more immediately expected from a lady of quality, will be seen under the next article: for, to their praise be it spoken, most of our modern ladies of quality affect to the fine ladies.

To describe the life of a fine lady would be only to set down a perpetual round of visiting, gaming, dressing, and intriguing. She has been bred up in the notion of making a figure, and of recommending herself as a woman of spirit: for which end she is always foremost in the fashion, and never fails gracing with her appearance every public assembly, and every party of pleasure. Though single, she may coquette with every fine gentleman; or if married, she may admit of gallantries without reproach, and even receive visits

from the men in her bed-chamber. To c
character, and to make her a very fine lad
be celebrated for her wit and beauty, ar
from her husband: for as matrimony
meant as a restraint upon pleasure, a se
tenance is understood as a licence to thr
the appearance of virtue.

From the fine ladies, it is a very natu
to the ladies of pleasure: and, indeed, fr
already been said concerning fine ladies.
imagine, that as they make pleasure the
suit, they might properly be entitled ladies
But this gay appellation is reserved for
rank of prostitutes, whose principal diff
the fine ladies consists in their openly
trade, which the other carry on by smu
lady of fashion, who refuses no favours bu
even grants that without being paid for it,
accounted a lady of pleasure, but ranks
formerly celebrated under the title of Dem
is whimsical enough to see the different c
assumed by the same vice, according to th
of stations. The married lady of quality n
with as many as she pleases, and still re
Honourable; the draggle-tailed street-walk
mon woman, and liable to be sent to Bri
the whore of high-life is a lady of pleasu
in a gilt chariot.

T

No. XLV. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5.

Quidquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus, nostri farrago libelli. Juv.

Whate'er the busy bustling world employs,
Our wants and wishes, pleasures, cares and joys,
These the historians of our times display,
And call it news, the hodge-podge of a day.

WHEN I first resolved on appearing in my present character, I had some thoughts of making my public entry in the front of one or other of our newspapers; as I considered that the domestic occurrences, which compose a part of their equipage, would make no bad figure in my own retinue. Some reflections on the modish methods of gaming, would receive an additional confirmation from a paragraph in the news, that "last Tuesday a game at whist was played at "White's for 1000l. a corner," or that "the match "between his Grace the Duke of ..... and Lord ..... "was decided at Newmarket:" and a dissertation on the luxury of the present age would be very aptly illustrated by an exact account of the weight of the turtle, dressed a few days before for the gentlemen of the abovementioned chocolate-house.

Indeed, I have always looked upon the works of Mr. Jenour in the Daily Advertiser, as a kind of supplement to the intelligence of Mr. Town; containing a more minute account of the important transactions of that class of mankind, which has been figuratively styled the World. From these daily registers, you may not only learn when any body is married or hanged, but you have immediate notice, whenever his grace goes to Newmarket, or her Ladyship sets out for Bath: and but last week, at the same time that the gentlemen of the law were told, that the Lord Chan-

cellor could not sit in the Court of Chancery, people of fashion had the melancholy news, that Signor Ricciarelli was not able to sing.

Nor is that part of Mr. Jenour's lucubrations, which is allotted to advertisements, less amusing and entertaining: and many of these articles might very properly come under my cognizance. It is here debated, whether the prize of eloquence should be given to orator Macklin or orator Henley; and whether Mr. Stephen Pitts is not the best qualified to furnish gentlemen and ladies libraries with tea-chests in octavo, and close-stools in folio. And besides the public notices to persons of taste, of every rare old japan, and most curious and inimitable epergnes for deserts, as also the most rich and elegant fancied silks to be sold by auction; many other advices not less interesting to the Town, are here given. We are daily put in mind, that Mrs. Philips at the Green Canister still hopes for the favours of her former good customers as usual: that next door to Haddock's is sold an antidote against the poison imbibed at that bagnio: that Dr. Rock infallibly cures a certain epidemical distemper by virtue of the king's patent: that a learned physician and surgeon will privately accommodate any gentleman (as the Doctor modestly expresses it in his own Latin) *pro morbus veneria curandus:* and that Y. Z. a regular bred surgeon and man-midwife, together with fifty others, will accommodate gentlewomen, that are under a necessity of lying-in privately.

But not only the public transactions of auctioneers, brokers, and horse-dealers, but the most private concerns of pleasure and gallantry may be also carried on by means of this paper. Assignations are here made, and the most secret intrigues formed, at the expence of two shillings. If a genteel young body, who can do all kinds of work, wants a place, she will be sure to hear of a master by advertising: any gentleman and lady of unexceptionable character may meet with lodg-

ings to be let, and no questions asked: how often has Romeo declared in print his unspeakable passion for the charming Peachy! How many gentlemen have made open professions of the strictest honour and secresy! And how many ladies, dressed in such a manner, and seen at such a place, have been desired to leave a line for A. B. Before the late marriage act it was very usual for young gentlemen and ladies (possessed of every qualification requisite to make the marriage state happy) to offer themselves as a good bargain to each other; and men took the same measures of advertising to get an agreeable companion for life, as they do for an agreeable companion in a post-chaise. As this traffick in matrimony is now prohibited, it has given occasion to the opening a new branch of trade; and since husbands and wives are hardly to be got for love or money, several good-natured females have set themselves up to sale to the best bidder. The Daily Advertiser is therefore become the universal register for new faces; and every day's advertisements have been lately crowded with offers of young ladies, who would be glad of the company of any elderly gentleman, to pass his leisure hours with them, and play at cards.

I look upon the common intelligence in our public papers, with the long train of advertisements annexed to it, as the best account of the present domestic state of England, that can possibly be compiled: nor do I know any thing, which would give posterity so clear an idea of the taste and morals of the present age, as a bundle of our daily papers. They would here see what books are most read, what are our chief amusements and diversions: and when they should observe the daily enquiries after eloped wives and apprentices, and the frequent accounts of trials in Westminster-hall for perjury, adultery, &c. they might form a tolerable notion even of our private life. Among many *other reasons* for lamenting that the art of printing

was not more early discovered, I canno
that we have perhaps lost many accounts
ture, which might otherwise have been h
to us. With what pleasure should we h
an Athenian Advertiser, or a Roman G
curious critic or antiquarian would place
same shelf with the classics; and woul
pleased at discovering, what days Tully
Tusculum, or Pliny to his magnificent Vi
the capital singer at the Græcian opera,
characters Roscius appeared with mo
These pieces of intelligence would undo
great satisfaction; and I am myself acqua
very learned gentleman, who has assured
has been as much delighted at discoveri
Sosii were Horace's booksellers, that the
Terence was damned, and other little p
that nature, as with an account of the de
Carthage, or the death of Cæsar. We sh
glad to collect from their advertisements
were most in request at Athens and Rom
papers, (which perhaps are called Daily
lasting but a day), are, I fear, of too fugit
to fall under the inspection of posterity.
in some measure, this inconvenience, I sh
clude with a few advertisements, which,
not actually been inserted in our papers,
of the same nature with those, that daily
there.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

To be spoke with every day at his house in the

BRYAN RAPAWAY,

WHO swears oaths of all kinds and *will* procure positive evidence at a day's w

sorts of causes. He will contract with an attorney or quack doctor to swear by the quarter; and will supply affidavits, &c. on the most reasonable terms.

*** He will attend, during the business of elections and double returns, in the Lobby of the House of Commons, and will ply next term at Westminster-hall.

WANTED,

A GENTEEL Black or Negro girl, very handsome; with a soft skin, good teeth, sweet breath, at least five feet three inches high, and not above eighteen. Whoever has such a girl to dispose of, may hear of a gentleman who will give fifty guineas for her, by applying at the bar of the Shakspeare's Head Tavern, Covent-Garden.

Note, At the same place any genteel White girl may hear of something to her advantage.

A PERSON, that lives near Guildhall, is a very gentle rider, rides about ten stone, chiefly for health, and never on a Sunday but on an extraordinary occasion, would be glad of a partner much under the same circumstances, in a very genteel Mare, and very good in her kind.

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T

No. XLVI. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12.

.....Facies non omnibus una,
Nec diversa tamen..... OVID.

Where borrow'd tints bestow a lifeless grace,
None wear the same, yet none a different face.

To Mr. Town.

SIR,

IT is whimsical to observe the mistakes that we country gentlemen are led into at our first coming to town. We are induced to think, and indeed truly, that your fine ladies are composed of different materials from our rural ones; since, though they sleep all day and rake all night, they still remain as fresh and ruddy as a parson's daughter or a farmer's wife. At other times we are apt to wonder, that such delicate creatures as they appear, should yet be so much proof against cold, that they look as rosy in January as in June, and even in the sharpest weather are very unwilling to approach the fire. I was at a loss how to account for this unalterable hue of their complexions: but I soon found, that beauty was not more peculiar to the air of St. James's than of York: and that this perpetual bloom was not native, but imported from abroad. Not content with that red and white which nature gave, your belles are reduced (as they pretend) to the necessity of supplying the flush of health with the *rouge* of vermillion, and giving us Spanish wool for English beauty.

The very reason alledged for this fashionable practice is such, as (if they seriously considered it) the ladies would be ashamed to mention. "The late hours "they are obliged to keep, render them such perfect "frights, that they would be as loth to appear abroad "without paint as without cloaths." This, it must

be acknowledged, is too true: but would they suffer their fathers or their husbands to wheel them down for one month to the old mansion-house, they would soon be sensible of the change, and soon perceive how much the early walk exceeds the late assembly. The vigils of the card-table have spoiled many a good face; and I have known a beauty stick to the midnight rubbers, until she has grown as homely as the queen of spades. There is nothing more certain in all Hoyle's cases, than that whist and late hours will ruin the finest set of features: but if the ladies would give up their routs for the healthy amusements of the country, I will venture to say, their carmine would be then as useless as their artificial nosegays.

A moralist might talk to them of the heinousness of the practice; since all deceit is criminal, and painting is no better than looking a lie. And should they urge that nobody is deceived by it, he might add, that the plea for admitting it then is at an end; since few are yet arrived at that height of French politeness, as to dress their cheeks in public, and to profess wearing vermilion as openly as powder. But I shall content myself with using an argument more likely to prevail: and such, I trust, will be the assurance, that this practice is highly disagreeable to the men. What must be the mortification, and what the disgust of the lover, who goes to bed to a bride as blooming as an angel, and finds her in the morning as wan and yellow as a corpse? For marriage soon takes off the mask; and all the resources of art, all the mysteries of the toilet, are then at an end. He that is thus wedded to a cloud instead of a Juno, may well be allowed to complain, but he cannot even hope for relief; since this is a custom, which, once admitted, so tarnishes the skin, that it is next to impossible ever to retrieve it. Let me, therefore, caution those young beginners, who are not yet discoloured past redemption, to leave it off in time, and endeavour to procure

and preserve by early hours that unaffected bloom, which art cannot give, and which only age or sickness can take away.

Our beauties were formerly above making use of so poor an artifice: They trusted to the lively colouring of nature, which was heightened by temperance and exercise; but our modern belles are obliged to retouch their cheeks every day, to keep them in repair. We were then as superior to the French in the assembly, as in the field: but since a trip to France has been thought a requisite in the education of our ladies as well as gentlemen, our polite females have thought fit to dress their faces, as well as their heads, *a la mode de Paris*. I am told, that when an English lady is at Paris, she is so surrounded with false faces, that she is herself obliged (if she would not appear singular) to put on the mask. But who would exchange the brilliancy of the diamond for the faint lustre of French paste? And for my part, I would as soon expect that an English beauty at Morocco would japan her face with lamb-black, in complaisance to the sable beauties of that country. Let the French ladies white-wash and plaister their fronts, and lay on their colours with a trowel; but these dawbings of art are no more to be compared to the genuine glow of a British cheek, than the coarse strokes of the painter's brush can resemble the native veins of the marble. This contrast is placed in a proper light in Mr. Addison's fine epigram on Lady Manchester; which may serve to convince us of the force of undissembled beauty.

"When haughty Gallia's dames, that spread
"O'er their pale cheeks a lifeless red,
"Beheld this beauteous stranger there,
"In native charms divinely fair,
"Confusion in their looks they shew'd,
"And with unborrow'd blushes glow'd."

I think, Mr. Town, you might easily prevail on your

fair readers to leave off this unnatural practice, if you could once thoroughly convince them, that it impairs their beauty instead of improving it. A lady's face, like the coats in the Tale of a Tub, if left to itself, will wear well; but if you offer to load it with foreign ornaments, you destroy the original ground.

Among other matter of wonder on my first coming to town, I was much surprised at the general appearance of youth among the ladies. At present there is no distinction in their complexions between a beauty in her teens and a lady in her grand climacteric: yet at the same time I could not but take notice of the wonderful variety in the face of the same lady. I have known an olive beauty on Monday grow very ruddy and blooming on Tuesday; turn pale on Wednesday; come round to the olive hue again on Thursday; and in a word, change her complexion as often as her gown. I was amazed to find no old aunts in this town, except a few unfashionable people, whom no body knows; the rest still continuing in the zenith of their youth and health, and falling off, like timely fruit, without any previous decay. All this was a mystery that I could not unriddle, until on being introduced to some ladies, I unluckily improved the hue of my lips at the expence of a fair one, who had unthinkingly turned her cheek; and found that my kisses were given, (as is observed in the epigram) like those of Pyramus, through a wall. I then discovered, that this surprising youth and beauty was all counterfeit; and that (as Hamlet says) "God had given them one face, "and they had made themselves another."

I have mentioned the accident of carrying off half a lady's face by a salute, that your courtly dames may learn to put on their faces a little tighter; but as for my own daughters, while such fashions prevail, they shall still remain in Yorkshire. There, I think they are pretty safe: for this unnatural fashion will hardly *make it's* way into the country, as this vamped com-

lexion would not stand against the rays of the sun, ıd would inevitably melt away in a country dance. 'he ladies have, indeed, been always the greatest ene- ıies to their own beauty, and seem to have a design gainst their own faces. At one time the whole coun- ıance was eclipsed in a black velvet mask; at ano- ıer it was blotted with patches; and at present it is ıusted over with plaister of Paris. In those battered elles, who still aim at conquest, this practice is in ɔme sort excusable; but it is surely as ridieulous in young lady to give up beauty for paint, as it would ɛ to draw a good set of teeth, merely to fill their aces with a row of ivory.

Yet, so common is this fashion grown among the ɔung as well as the old, that when I am in a group of ɛauties, I consider them as so many pretty pictures; oking about me with as little emotion, as I do at Hud- ın's: if any thing fills me with admiration, it is the dicious arrangements of the tints, and the delicate uches of the painter. Art very often seems almost vie with nature: but my attention is too frequently verted by considering the texture and hue of the skin ıeath; and the picture fails to charm, while my oughts are engrossed by the wood and canvas.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

RUSTICUS.

No. XLVII. THURSDAY, DECEMB

Hic mecum licet, hic, Juvence, quicquid
In buccam tibi venerit, loquaris.

Here, witlings, here with Macklin talk yo
On plays, or politics, or what you will.

IT has hitherto been imagined, that
have equalled, if not surpassed, the ancient
liberal arts, we have not yet been able t
that height of eloquence, which was posse
amazing a manner by the Grecian and Rom
Whether this has been owing to any pec
nization of our tongues, or whether it has
from our national love of taciturnity, I sha
upon me to determine: but I will now ven
firm, that the present times might furnish
more surprising number of fine speakers,
been set down by Tully in his treatise *De*
toribus. Foreigners can no longer object
the northern coldness of our climate has
pursed up our lips, and that we are afraid t
mouths: The charm is at length dissolved
people, who before affected the gravity and
the Spaniards, have adopted and naturalize
bility of speech, as well as the gay manne
French.

This change has been brought about by
spirited attempts of those elevated geniuses,
instituted certain schools for the cultivat
quence in all its branches. Hence it is, that
languid discourses from the pulpit, severa
cles and meeting-houses have been set up,
preachers may display all their powers of
sighs and groans, and emulate a White
Wesley in all the figures of rhetoric. An

the enthusiast has his conventicles, but even the free-thinker boasts his societies, where he may hold forth against religion in tropes, metaphors, and similies. The declamations weekly thundered out at Clare-Market, and the subtle argumentations at the Robin Hood, I have formerly celebrated: It now remains to pay my respect to the Martin Luther of the age, (as he frequently calls himself) the great orator Macklin; who, by declaiming himself, and opening a school for the disputations of others, has joined both the above plans together, and formed the British Inquisition. Here, whatever concerns the world of taste and literature, is debated: Our rakes and bloods, who had been used to frequent Covent-Garden merely for the sake of whoring and drinking, now resort thither for reason and argument; and the Piazza begins to vie with the ancient Portico, where Socrates disputed.

But what pleases me most in Mr. Macklin's institution is, that he has allowed the tongues of my fair country-women full play. Their natural talents for oratory are so excellent and numerous, that it seems more owing to the envy than prudence of the other sex, that they should be denied the opportunity of exerting them. The remarkable tendency in our politest ladies "to talk, though they have nothing to say," and the torrent of eloquence, that pours (on the most trivial occasions) from the lips of those females, called scolds, give abundant proofs of that command of words, and flow of eloquence, which so few men have been able to attain. Again, if action is the life and soul of an oration, how many advantages have the ladies in this particular? The waving of a snowy arm, artfully shaded with the enchanting slope of a double ruffle, would have twenty times the force of the stiff see-saw of a male orator: and when they come to the most animated parts of the oration, which demand uncommon warmth and agitation, we should

be vanquished by the heaving breast, and all those other charms, which the modern dress is so well calculated to display.

Since the ladies are thus undeniably endued with these and many other accomplishments for oratory, that no place should yet have been opened for their exerting them, is almost unaccountable. The lower order of females have, indeed, long ago instituted an academy of this kind at the other end of the town, where oysters and eloquence are in equal perfection: but the politer part of the female world have hitherto had no further opportunity of exercising their abilities, than the common occasions which a new cap or petenlair, the tea or the card-table, have afforded them. I am therefore heartily glad, that a plan is at length put in execution, which will encourage their propensity to talking, and enlarge their topics of conversation: but I would more particularly recommend it to all ladies of a clamorous disposition, to attend at Macklin's; that the impetuous stream of eloquence, which, for want of another vent, has long been poured on their servants or husbands, may now be carried off by another more agreeable channel.

I could not have thought it possible, that this undertaking would have subsisted two nights, without setting all the female tongues from St. James's to Temple-Bar in motion. But the ladies have hitherto been dumb: and female eloquence seems as unlikely to display itself in public as ever. Whether their modesty will not permit them to open their mouths in the unhallowed air of Covent-Garden, I know not: but I am rather inclined to think, that the questions proposed have not been sufficiently calculated for the female part of the assembly. They might perhaps be tempted to debate, "whether Fanny Murray or "Lady..... were the properest to lead the fashion;" ..."to what lengths a lady might proceed without the

f her reputation;"...or " whether the Beauti-
Lotion or the Royal Washball were the most
ent cosmetics." It might also be expected in
sance to the fair sex, that the Inquisitor should
l then read a dissertation on natural and arti-
auty; in which he might (with that softness
cacy peculiar to himself) analyse a lady's face,
e examples of the ogle, the simper, the smile,
uish, the dimple, &c. with a word or two on
and benefit of paint.
hese points I shall leave to Mr. Macklin's con-
on: In the mean time, as it is not in my power
e the public with a lady's speech, I shall fill up
ainder of my paper with an oration, which my
ondent is desirous should appear in print,
he had not sufficient confidence to deliver it at
isition.

QUESTION.

er the Stage might not be made more conduc-
cive to virtue and morality?

r. Inquisitor,
ancient drama had, we know, a religious as well
ical view; and was designed to inspire the au-
vith a reverence to the gods and a love to their
. Our own stage, upon particular occasions,
n made to answer the same ends. Thus we
member, during the last rebellion, besides the
of the fiddles in the Orchestra, we were in-
vith a detestation of the pope and pretender by
n-juror, the Jesuit Caught, Perkin Warbeck,
Polish Impostor, and such other politico-reli-
ramas.
here is a species of the drama, which has not
n mentioned by any of the gentlemen who
oke to the question, and which is very defici-

ent in point of moral: I mean Pantomimes. Mr. La has been very severe on the impiety of representin heathen gods and goddesses before a truly christia audience: and to this we may add, that Harlequin i but a wicked sort of fellow, and is always running afte the girls. For my part, I have often blushed to se this impudent rake endeavouring to creep up Colum bine's petticoats, and at other times patting her neck and laying his legs upon her lap. Nobody will say indeed, that there is much virtue or morality in thes entertainments: though it must be confessed to th honour of our neighbouring house here, that the Ne cromancer and the Sorcerer, after having played man unchristian pranks upon the stage are at last fairly sent to the devil, I would therefore recommend it t our pantomime-writers, that instead of the Pantheon or lewd comedies, they would take their subject from some old garland, moral ballad, or penny histo ry book. Suppose, for example, they were to give u the story of Patient Grizzle in dumb shew; setting forth, as how a noble lord fell in love with her, as h was hunting:...and there you might have the scene o the spinning wheel, and the song of the Early Horn;.. and as how, after many trials of her patience, whicl they might represent by machinery, this lord at las married her:...and then you may have a grand tem ple and a dance. The other house have already revi ved the good old story of Fortunatus's wishing-cap and as they are fond of introducing little children i their entertainments, suppose they were to exhibi a pantomime of The Children in the Wood;.. it would be vastly pretty to see the paste-board robin red-breasts let down by wires upon the stage to cove the poor innocent babes with paper leaves. But if they must have Faries and Genii, I would advise them t take their stories out of that pretty little book called *the Fairy* Tales. I am sure, instead of ostriches, dogs

horses, lions, monkies, &c. we should be full as well pleased to see the Wolf and little red Riding Hood; and we should laugh vastly at The adventures of Puss in Boots. I need not point out the excellent moral, which would be inculcated by representations of this kind; and I am confident they would meet with the deserved applause of all the old women and children in both galleries.

O

No. XLVIII. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26.

.....Age, libertate Decembri,
Quando ita majores voluerunt, utere..... HOR.

Come, let us, like our jovial sires of old,
With gambols and mince-pies our Christmas hold.

AT this season of the year it has always been customary for the lower part of the world to express their gratitude to their benefactors; while some of a more elevated genius among them cloath their thoughts in a kind of holiday dress, and once in the year rise into poets. Thus the bellman bids good night to all his masters and mistresses in couplets; the news-carrier hawks his own verses; and the very lamp-lighter addresses his customers in rhyme. As a servant to the public, I should be wanting in the due respect to my readers, if I did not also take this earliest opportunity of paying them the compliments of the season, and (in the phrase of their barbers, taylors, shoemakers, and other tradesmen) wish them a merry Christmas, and a happy New Year.

Those old-fashioned mortals, who have been accustomed to look upon this season with extraordinary devotion, I leave them to con over the explanation of

it in Nelson: It shall at present be my business shew the different methods of celebrating it in the kingdoms. With the generality, Christmas is loo ed upon as a festival in the most literal sense, and h sacred by good eating and drinking. These, inde are the most distinguishing marks of Christmas: t revenue from the malt-tax and the duty upon win &c. on account of these twelve days, has always be found to increase considerably: and it is impossi to conceive the slaughter that is made among the po try and the hogs in different parts of the country, furnish the prodigious numbers of turkeys and chir and collars of brawn, that travel up, as presents, to metropolis on this occasion. The jolly cit looks u this joyous time of feasting with as much pleasure on the treat of a new elected alderman, or a k mayor's day. Nor can the country farmer rail m against the Game-Act, than many worthy citiz who have ever since been debarred of their ann hare; while their ladies can never enough re their loss of the opportunity of displaying their s in making a most excellent pudding in the belly. these notable house-wives have still the consolatio hearing their guests commend the mince-pies w out meat, which we are assured were made at ho and not like the ordinary heavy things from the try-cooks. These good people would, indeed, upon the absence of mince-pies as the highest vi tion of Christmas; and have remarked with conc the disregard that has been shewn of late years to Old English repast: for this excellent British eli as essential to Christmas, as pancake to Shrove T day, tansy to Easter, furmity to Midlent, or goos Michaelmas Day. And they think it no wonder, our finical gentry should be so loose in their pri ples, as well as weak in their bodies, when the s substantial, Protestant mince-pie has given p

among them to the Roman Catholic amulets, and the light, puffy, heterodox *Pets de Religieuses.*

As this season used formerly to be welcomed in with more than usual jollity in the country, it is probable that the Christmas remembrances, with which the waggons and stage-coaches are at this time loaded, first took their rise from the laudable custom of distributing provisions at this severe quarter of the year to the poor. But these presents are now seldom sent to those, who are really in want of them, but are designed as compliments to the great from their inferiors, and come chiefly from the tenant to his rich landlord, or from the rector of a fat living, as a kind of tythe to his patron. Nor is the old hospitable English custom, of keeping open house for the poor neighbourhood, any longer regarded. We might as soon expect to see plum-porridge fill a terrene at the ordinary at White's, as that the lord of the manor should assemble his poor tenants to make merry at the great house. The servants now swill the Christmas ale by themselves in the hall, while the squire gets drunk, with his brother fox-hunters, in the smoaking-room.

There is no rank of people so heartily rejoiced at the arrival of this joyful season, as the order of servants, journeymen, apprentices, and the lower sort of people in general. No master or mistress is so rigid as to refuse them an holiday; and, by remarkable good luck, the same circumstance, which gives them an opportunity of diverting themselves, procures them money to support it by the tax which custom has imposed upon us in the article of Christmas boxes. The butcher and the baker send their journeymen and apprentices to levy contributions on their customers, which are paid back again in the usual fees to Mr. John and Mrs. Mary. This serves the tradesman as a pretence to lengthen out his bill, and the master

and mistress to lower the wages on account of the vails. The Christmas box was formerly the bounty of well-disposed people, who were willing to contribute something towards rewarding the industrious, and supplying them with necessaries. But the gift is now almost demanded as a right; and our journeymen, apprentices, &c. are grown so polite, that instead of reserving their Christmas box for its original use, their ready cash serves them only for present pocket-money; and instead of visiting their friends and relations, they commence the fine gentlemen of the week. The sixpenny hop is crowded with ladies and gentlemen from the kitchen; the syrens of Catherine-street charm many a holiday gallant into their snares; and the play-houses are filled with beaux, wits and critics, from Cheapside and White-Chapel. The barrows are surrounded with raw lads setting their halfpence against oranges; and the greasy cards and the dirty cribbage-board employ the genteeler gamesters in every ale-house. A merry Christmas has ruined many a promising young fellow, who has been flush of money at the beginning of the week, but before the end of it has committed a robbery on the till for more.

But in the midst of this general festivity, there are some, so far from giving into any extraordinary merriment, that they seem more gloomy than usual, and appear with faces as dismal as the month, in which Christmas is celebrated. I have heard a plodding citizen most grievously complain of the great expence of house-keeping at this season, when his own and his wife's relations claim the privilege of kindred to eat him out of house and home. Then again, considering the present total decay of trade, and the great load of taxes, it is a shame, they think, that poor shopkeepers should be so fleeced and plundered, under the pretence of Christmas boxes. But if tradesmen have

any reason to murmur at Christmas, many of their customers, on the other hand, tremble at its approach; and it is made a sanction to every petty mechanic, to break in upon their joy, and disturb a gentleman's repose at this time, by bringing in his bill.

Others, who used to be very merry at this season, have within this year or two, been quite disconcerted. To put them out of their old way, is to put them out of humour: they have, therefore, quarrelled with the almanack, and refuse to keep their Christmas according to the act of Parliament. My cousin Village informs me, that this obstinacy is very common in the country; and that many still persist in waiting eleven days for their mirth, and defer their Christmas till the blowing of the Glastonbury Thorn. In some, indeed, this cavilling with the calendar has been only the result of close economy; who, by evading the expence of keeping Christmas with the rest of the world, find means to neglect it, when the general time of celebrating it is over. Many have availed themselves of this expedient: and I am acquainted with a couple, who are enraged at the new Style on another account: because it puts them to double expences, by robbing them of the opportunity of keeping Christmas day and their wedding day at the same time.

As to persons of fashion, this annual Carnival is worse to them than Lent, or the empty town in the middle of summer. The boisterous merriment, and awkward affectations of politeness among the vulgar, interrupts the course of their refined pleasures, and drive them out of town for the holidays. The few who remain are very much at a loss how to dispose of their time; for the theatres at this season are opened only for the reception of school-boys and apprentices, and there is no public place where a person of fashion can appear without being surrounded with the

dirty inhabitants of St. Giles's, and the brutes the Wapping side of Westminster. These unh sufferers are really to be pitied: and since Chri Day has to persons of distinction, a great deal of pidity about it, I cannot enough applaud an inge lady, who sent cards round to all her acquaint inviting them to a rout on that day; which the clared was the happiest thought in the world, be Christmas Day is so much like Sunday.

T

No. XLIX. THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, 1

Est in consilio matrona, admotaque lanis
Emerita quæ cessat acu: sententia prima
Hujus erit: post hanc ætate atque arte minores
Censebunt: tanquam famæ discrimen agatur,
Aut animæ: tanta est quærendi cura decoris.

Here ev'ry belle, for taste and beauty known,
Shall meet.....to fix the fashion of a gown:
Of caps and ruffles hold the grave debate,
As of their lives they would decide the fate.
Life, soul, and all, would claim th' attention less;
For life and soul is center'd all....in dress.

To Mr. Town.

SIR,

CONTESTED elections and double retur ing at present the general topic of discourse, s ject in which the ladies, methinks, are but little cerned, I have a scheme to propose to you in behalf, which I doubt not but you, as their pro patron, will use your eloquence to recommend your authority to enforce. It has long been a n

eal concern to every well-wisher to the fair sex, t the men should be allowed the free choice of re- sentatives, to whom they can make every real or tended grievance known, while the women are prived of the same privilege; when in reality they e many grievances utterly unknown and unthought by the men, and which cannot be redressed but by male parliament.

I do not, indeed, pretend to the honour of first pro- ting this scheme, since an assembly of this nature been proposed before: but as it appears to me so cessary, I would advise that writs be immediately ued out for calling a parliament of women, which the future should assemble every winter, and be solved every third year. My reason for shorten- the time of their sitting, proceeds from the reflec- n, that full as much business will be done, at least many speeches will be made, by women in three ars, as by men in seven. To this assembly every unty and city in England shall send two members; t from this privilege I would utterly exclude every rough, as we shall presently see that they can have business to transact there. But as I would have their mber at least equal to that of the other parliament, deficiency should be supplied by the squares and eat streets at the court end of the town, each of ich should be represented by one of their own in- bitants. In humble imitation of the houses of lords d commons, the ladies of peers (whether spiritual temporal) should sit here in their own right, the ers by election only; any woman to be qualified, ose husband, or even whose father (for I would by means exclude the unmarried ladies) is qualified be chosen into the other. In the same manner, atever entitles the husband or father to vote at that ction, should entitle his wife or daughter to vote at is.

Having settled this point, it now remains t
the subjects which they are to treat of: and t
shall find to be, indeed, of the last importance
think you, Sir, of the rise and fall of fashior
much consequence to them, as the rise and
kingdoms is to us? of the commencing a
quaintance, equivalent to our making a new a
and adjusting the ceremonial of a rout or a
interesting as the preliminaries of a treaty or
gress? These subjects, and these alone, will
ently employ them every session; and as the
ment must be final, how delightful will it be
bills brought in to determine, how many inch
leg of neck may lawfully be exposed, how ma
sies at a public place amount to an acquainta
what are the precise privileges of birth or fort
entitle the possessors to give routs or drums,
days or on Sundays. Whoever should pre
transgress against these laws, might be punis
ably to their offences; and be banished fron
places, or condemned to do penance in linsey-
or if any female should be convicted of imn
she might be outlawed; and then (as these law
not bind the nymphs of Drury) we should e
tinguish a modest woman, as the phrase is, i
her looks, at least by dress and appearance:
victorious Fanny might then be suffered to str
strokes, without rivalry or imitation. If any
should be found so grossly offending against
of fashion, as to refuse a member a bow at t
or a salute at a wedding, how suitably woul
punished, by being reprimanded on his knees
an assembly, and by so fine a woman, as we n
pose the speaker would be? Then doubtless
grand committee sit on the affairs of hoops; a
they established in their present form by pro
thority, doors and boxes might be altered and

ngly: Then should we talk as familiarly of the
s of the marriage bill: and with what pleasure
: peruse the regulations of the committee of
very lover of decorum would be pleased to
refractory females were taken into custody
ıer of the black fan: The double return of a
d occasion as many debates as the double
a certain county; and at the eve of an elec-
pretty would it be to see the ladies of the
ıg about, mounted on their white palfreys,
ıssing for votes.

his great purpose is attained, I see not how
e enormities in point of dress, and failure in
eremony, can effectually be prevented. But
not before, I shall hope to see politeness and
:ding distinguished from formality and affec-
d dresses invented that will improve, not di-
ıe charms of the fair, and rather become
uise the wearers.

I am, Sir, Yours, &c.

TIMOTHY CANVASS.

nuch obliged to my correspondent for his let-
ıeartily wish that this scheme was carried
ution. The liberties daily taken in point of
mand proper restrictions. The ancients
ıeir national habit by law: but the dress
wn country is so very fluctuating, that if
t-grandmothers of the present generation
ırise, they would not be able to guess at their
from their dress, but would fancy themselves
ıge country. As these affairs fall more im-
/ under the cognizance of the ladies, the fe-
ld in general would soon be sensible of the
es, accruing from a female Parliament; and
adies of fashion might probably claim some
liberties in dress by their privilege, it might

naturally be expected, that this wise assembly would at least keep the rest of the sex in order; nor suffer enormous hoops to spread themselves across the pavement, to the detriment of all honest men going upon business along the street; nor permit the chandler's wife to retail half-quarterns from behind the counter, in a short stomacher and without a handkerchief.

I am aware, that a considerable objection may be brought against this scheme: to wit, that a female parliament (like those of the men) may be subject to corruption, and made dependant on a court. The enormous Elizabeth Ruff, and the awkward Queen of Scots mob, are fatal instances of the evil influence, which courts have upon fashions; and as none can tell the power which a British Queen might have over the councils of a female parliament, future ages might perhaps see the stays bolstered out into hump-backs, or the petticoats let down to conceal a bandy leg, from the same servile complaisance which warped the necks of Alexander's courtiers.

But though a parliament on the foregoing scheme has not yet taken place, an institution of the like nature has been contrived among that order of females, who (as I mentioned in a former paper) advertise for gentlemen to play at cards with them. The reader may remember that some time ago an advertisement appeared in the public papers, from the Covent Garden society; in which it was set forth, that one of their members was voted common. This very society is composed of these agreeable young ladies, whose business it is to play at cards with those gentlemen, who have good-nature and fortune sufficient to sit down contented with being losers. It is divided, like the upper and lower houses of parliament, into Ladies and Commons. The upper order of card-players take their seats according to the rank of those who game at high stakes with them; while

ıons are made up of the lower sort of gamb-
in the hundreds of Drury and Covent-Gar-
ery one is obliged to pay a certain tax out of
-money; and the revenue arising from it is
o the levying of hoop-petticoats, sacks, peten-
ps, handkerchiefs, aprons, &c. to be issued
ly, according to the exigence and degree of
bers. Many revolutions have happened in
ty since its institution: A commoner in the
a few weeks has been called up to the house
; and another, who at first sat as peeress, has
denly degraded, and voted common.
particulars of this society have not come to
rledge: but their design seems to be, to erect
ınwealth of themselves, and to rescue their
from being invaded by those who have pre-
› tyrannize over them. If this practice of
heir own cards, and shuffling for themselves,
generally prevail among all the agreeable
ımesters of Covent-Garden, I am concerned
what will become of the venerable sisterhood
ass, Haddock, and Noble, as well as the fra-
f Harris, Derry, and the rest of those gentle-
o have hitherto acted as groom-porters, and
principal direction of the game. From such
ıation it may greatly be feared, that the ho-
profession of pimp will, in a short time, be-
useless as that of a Fleet-parson.

No. L. THURSDAY, JANUARY 9.

.....Vitæ
Percipit humanos odium, lucisque videndæ,
Ut sibi consciscant mærenti pectore lethum. Luc

O deaf to nature, and to Heav'n's command!.....
Against thyself to lift the murd'ring hand!
O damn'd despair!....to shun the living light,
And plunge thy guilty soul in endless night!

THE last sessions deprived us of the only s viving member of a society, which (during it's sl existence) was equal both in principles and prac to the Mohocks and Hell-Fire Club of tremendous mory. This society was composed of a few bro gamesters and desperate young rakes, who threw small remains of their bankrupt fortunes into one c mon stock, and thence assumed the name of the guinea club. A short life and a merry one was t favourite maxim; and they determined, when thei nances should be quite exhausted, to die as they lived, like gentlemen. Some of their members the good luck to get a reprieve by a good run at ca and others by snapping up a rich heiress or a dowag while the rest, who were not cut off in the natural by duels or the gallows, very resolutely made t *quietus* with laudanum or the pistol. The last that mained of this society had very calmly prepared his own execution: he had cocked his pistol, del rately placed the muzzle of it to his temple, and just going to pull the trigger, when he bethought h self, that he could employ it to better purpose u Hounslow Heath. This brave man, however, had a very short respite; and was obliged to suffer ignominy of going out of the world in the vulgar w *by an halter.*

The enemies of play will perhaps consider those gentlemen, who boldly stake their whole fortunes at the gaming table, in the same view with these desperadoes; and they may even go so far, as to regard the polite and honourable assembly at White's, as a kind of last guinea club. Nothing, they will say, is so fluctuating as the property of a gamester, who (when luck runs against him) throws away whole acres at every cast of the dice, and whose houses are as unsure a possession, as if they were built with cards. Many, indeed, have been reduced to the last guinea at this genteel gaming-house; but the most inveterate enemies to White's must allow, that it is but now and then that a gamester of quality, who looks upon it as an even bet whether there is another world, takes his chance, and dispatches himself, when the odds are against him in this.

But however free the gentlemen of White's may be from any imputation of this kind, it must be confessed, that suicide begins to prevail so generally, that it is the most gallant exploit, by which our modern heroes chuse to signalize themselves; and in this, indeed, they behave with uncommon prowess. They meet every face of death, however horrible, with the utmost resolution: some blow their brains out with a pistol; some expire, like Socrates, by poison; some fall, like Cato, on the point of their own swords; and others, who have lived like Nero, affect to die like Seneca, and bleed to death. The most exalted geniuses I ever remember to have heard of, were a party of reduced gamesters, who bravely resolved to pledge each other in a bowl of laudanum. I was lately informed of a gentleman, who went among his usual companions at the gaming-table the day before he made away with himself, and coolly questioned them, which they thought the genteelest method of going out of the *world*. There is, indeed, as much difference between

mounted, or the Paris hilted sword, qualifies the poor owner for a sudden death, and entitles him to a pompous burial, and a monument setting forth his virtues in Westminster-Abbey.

The cause of these frequent self-murders among us has been generally imputed to the peculiar temperature of our climate. Thus a dull day is looked upon as a natural order of execution; and Englishmen must necessarily shoot, hang, and drown themselves in November. That our spirits are in some measure influenced by the air, cannot be denied; but we are not such mere barometers, as to be driven to despair and death by the small degree of gloom that our winter brings with it. If we have not so much sun-shine as some countries in the world, we have infinitely more than many others; and I do not hear, that men dispatch themselves in dozens in Russia or Sweden, or that they are unable to keep up their spirits even in the total darkness of Greenland. Our climate exempts us from many diseases, to which other more southern nations are naturally subject; and I can never be persuaded, that being born near the north-pole is a physical cause for self-murder.

Despair, indeed, is the natural cause of these shocking actions; but this is commonly despair brought on by wilful extravagance and debauchery. These first involve men in difficulties, and then death at once delivers them of their lives and their cares. For my part, when I see a young profligate wantonly squandering his fortune in bagnios or at the gaming-table, I cannot help looking on him as hastening his own death, and in a manner digging his own grave. As he is at last induced to kill himself by motives arising from his vices, I consider him as dying of some disease, which those vices naturally produce. If his extravagance has been chiefly in luxurious eating and *drinking*, I imagine him poisoned by his wines, or

d by a favourite dish; and if he has thrown
is estate in bawdy-houses, I conclude him de-
by rottenness and filthy diseases.
her real and principal cause of the frequency of
is the noble spirit of free-thinking, which has
l itself among all ranks of people. The liber-
ashion has too refined a taste to trouble himself
out a soul or an hereafter: but the vulgar infi-
t wonderful pains to get rid of his bible, and
to persuade himself out of his religion. For
pose he attends constantly at the disputant so-
where he hears a great deal about free-will,
ncy, and predestination, till at length he is con-
that man is at liberty to do as he pleases, lays
fortunes to the charge of providence, and com-
nself that he was inevitably destined to be tyed
is own garters. The courage of these heroes
s from the same principles, whether they fall
own hands, or those of Jack Ketch: The sui-
whatever rank, looks death in the face without
g; as the gallant rogue affects an easy uncon-
der Tyburn, throws away the psalm-book, bids
drive off with an oath, and swings like a gen-

s madness should continue to grow more and
idemical, it will be expedient to have a bill of
distinct from the common bill of mortality,
in yearly; in which should be set down the
of suicides, their methods of destroying them-
and the likely causes of their doing so. In
elieve, we should find but few martyrs to the
; but their deaths would commonly be imput-
spair, produced by some causes similar to the
g. In the little sketch of a bill of suicide un-
h, I have left blanks for the date of the year, as
for the number of self-murderers, their man-
ying, &c. which would naturally be filled up by

the proper persons, if ever this scheme should be in execution.

A Bill of SUICIDE *for the Year*——.

Of Newmarket Races — — —
Of Kept Mistresses — — — —
Of Electioneering — — —
Of Lotteries — — —
Of French Claret, French Lace, French Cooks, French Disease — — —
Of White's — — — —
Of Chinese Temples, &c. — — —
Of a Country Seat — — —
Of a Town House, — — —
Of Fortune-Hunting — — —
Of a Tour through France and Italy —
Of Lord Bolingbroke — — —
Of the Robin-Hood Society — — —
Of an Equipage — — —
Of a Dog-Kennel — — —
Of Covent-Garden — — —
Of Plays, Operas, Concerts, Masquerades, Ro Drums, &c. — — —
Of keeping the best Company — — —

No. LI. THURSDAY, JANUARY 16.

Adde quod absumunt vires, pereuntque labore:
Adde quod alterius sub nutu degitur ætas.
Labitur interea res, et vadimonia fiunt,
Languent officia, atque ægrotat fama vacillans. LUCRET.

When haughty mistresses our souls enthrall,
They waste our strength, our fortune, fame, and all:
Mortgage on mortgage loads the bankrupt cull,
Who gives up wealth and honour for a trull.

SINCE pleasure is almost the only pursuit of a ine gentleman, it is very necessary, for the maintaining his consequence and character, that he should ave a girl in keeping. Intriguing with women of ashion, and debauching tradesmen's daughters, naurally happen in the common course of gallantry; ut this convenient female, to fill up the intervals of usiness, is the principal mark of his superior taste nd quality. Every priggish clerk to an attorney, or ert apprentice, can throw away his occasional guinea n Covent-Garden; but the shortness of their finances ill not permit them to persevere in debauchery with he air and spirit of a man of quality. The kept mistress, which those half reprobates dare not think of, s a constant part of the retinue of a complete fine entleman; and is, indeed, as indispensable a part of is equipage, as a French valet de chambre, or a four-wheeled post-chaise.

It was formerly the fashion among the ladies to eep a monkey: at that time every woman of quality hought herself obliged to follow the mode; and even he merchants wives in the city had their fashionable pugs, to play tricks and break china. A girl in keeping is as disagreeable to some of our men of pleasure, as pug was to some ladies; but they must have one

to spend money and do mischief, that they may be reckoned young fellows of spirit. Hence it happens, that many gentlemen maintain girls, who in fact are little more than their nominal mistresses; for they see them as seldom, and behave to them with as much indifference, as if they were their wives: however, as the woman in a manner bears their name, and is maintained by them, they may appear in the world with the genteel character of a keeper. I have known several gentlemen take great pains to heighten their reputation in this way; and turn off a first mistress, merely because she was not sufficiently known, for the sake of a celebrated woman of the town, a dancer, or an actress: and it is always the first step of an Englishman of fashion after his arrival at Paris, to take one of the *filles d'opera* under his protection. It was but the other day, that Florio went abroad, and left his girl to roll about the town in a chariot, with an unlimited order on his banker; and almost as soon as he got to France, took a smart girl off the stage, to make as genteel a figure at Paris. In short, as a gentleman keeps running horses, goes to White's, and gets into parliament, for the name of the thing: so must he likewise have his kept mistress, because it is the fashion: and I was mightily pleased with hearing a gentleman once boast, that he lived like a man of quality..." For, says he, I have a post-chaise, and " never-ride in it; I have a wife, and never see her; " and I keep a mistress, and never lie with her."

But if these sort of keepers, who never care a farthing for their mistresses, are to be laughed at, those who are really fond of their Dulcineas are to be pitied. The most hen-pecked husband that ever bore the grievous yoke of a shrew, is not half so miserable, as a man who is subject to the humours and unaccountable caprice of a cunning slut, who finds him in her power. Her behaviour will continually give him new

of jealousy; and perhaps she will really dis-
favours to every rake in town, that will bid
price. She will smile, when she wants mo-
nsolent, when she does not; and, in short,
rtifice untried, to plague his heart, and drain
t.

d of mine used constantly to rail at the slav-
ion of married men, and the tyranny of pet-
ernment: he therefore prudently resolved
uncontrouled bachelor, and for that reason
pon a country girl, who should serve him
dmaid. Determining to keep her in a very
l retired manner, he had even calculated,
h she would save him in curtailing his ordi-
nces at taverns and bagnios: but this scheme
ny did not last long; for the artful jade soon
" to wind her close into his easy heart," and
him to maintain her in all the splendor and
first rate lady of pleasure. He at first treat-
th all the indifference of a fashionable hus-
it as soon as she found herself to be entire
of his affections, it is surprising to think what
took, to bring him to the most abject com-
ith all her whimsies, and to tame him to the
ing he now is. A frown on his part would
y cost him a brocade, and a tear from her
to extort a new handkerchief or an apron.
y slight quarrel.....O she would leave him
nent;...and though the baggage had more
than to hazard an intrigue with any one else,
d work upon his jealousy, by continually
him with...She knew a gentleman who would
use her so barbarously, and she would go to
he could be sure she was not with child.
circumstance was a *coup de reserve*, which
led to bring about a reconciliation: nay, I
wn her make great use of breeding qualms

upon occasion; and things were once come to such an extremity, that she was even forced to have recourse to a sham-miscarriage to prevent their separation. He has often been heard to declare, that if ever he had a child by her, it should take its chance at the Foundling Hospital. He had lately an opportunity of putting this to a trial: but the bare hinting such a barbarous design threw the lady into hysterics. However, he was determined, that the babe, as soon as it was born, should be put out to nurse...he hated the squall of children. Well! madam was brought to bed; she could not bear the dear infant out of her sight; and it would kill her not to suckle it herself. The father was therefore obliged to comply; and an acquaintance caught him the other morning, stirring the pap, holding the clouts before the fire, and (in a word) dwindled into a mere nurse.

Such is the transformation of this kind keeper, whose character is still more ridiculous than that of a Fondle-wife among husbands. The amours, indeed, of these fond souls commonly end one of these two ways: they either find themselves deserted by their mistress, when she has effectually ruined their constitution and estate; or after as many years cohabitation, as would have tired them of a wife, they grow so doatingly fond of their whore, that by marriage they make her an honest woman, and perhaps a lady of quality.

But the most unpardonable sort of keepers are married men, and old men. I will give the reader a short sketch of each of these characters, and leave him to judge for himself.

Cynthio about two years ago was married to Clarinda, one of the finest women in the world. Her temper and disposition was as agreeable as her person, and her chief endeavour was to please her husband But Cynthio's folly and vanity soon got the better of his constancy and gratitude; and it was not

months after his marriage, before he took a girl was formerly acquainted with, into keeping. His r Polly uses him like a dog; and he is cruel ugh to revenge the ill-treatment he receives from , upon his wife. He seldom visits her, but when wench has put him out of humour; and once, ugh indeed unknowingly, communicated to her a ıy disease, for which he was obliged to his mis- ıs. Yet is he still so infatuated as to doat on this : hussy, and wishes it in his power to annul his rriage, and legitimate his bastards by Polly. Though ; palpable to every one but Cynthio, that Polly has attraction but the name of mistress, and Clarinda no lt but being his wife.

Sir Thrifty Gripe is arrived at his grand climacteric, l has just taken a girl into keeping. Until very ely the multiplication-table was his rule of life, and ı penny saved is a penny got" was his favourite ıxim. But he has suddenly deserted Wingate Rochester, and the 'Change for Covent-Garden. :re he met with the buxom Charlotte, who at once ened his heart and his purse, and soon began to ıtter his guineas in paying her debts, and supply- ; her fresh expences. Her equipage is as genteel l elegant as that of a duchess; and the wise men the Alley shake their heads at Sir Thrifty, as the eatest spendthrift in town. Sir Thrifty was former- married to a merchant's daughter, who brought him ortune of 20,000l. but after she had two sons by n, he sent her into the north of Wales to live cheap, d prevent the probable expence of more children. s sons were obliged to an uncle for education; and Thrifty now scarce allows them enough to sup- rt them. His mistress and he almost always ap- ar together at public places, where she constantly ıkes a jest of him, while the old dotard dangles at r elbow, like January by the side of May. Thus

Sir Thrifty lives, cursed by his own sons, jilted by his mistress, and laughed at by the rest of the world.

It is very diverting to observe the shifts, to which persons in middling or low life are reduced, in order to bear this new incumbrance, with which they sometimes chuse to load themselves. The extravagance of a girl has put many a clerk on defrauding his master, sent many a distressed gentleman's watch to the pawnbroker's, and his cloaths to Monmouth-Street, as well as the poor gentleman himself to the gaming-table, or perhaps to Hounslow-Heath. I know a templar, who always keeps a girl for the first month after he receives his allowance; at the end of which his poverty obliges him to discard her, and live on mutton-chops and porter for the rest of the quarter: and it was but lately, that my mercer discovered his apprentice, to be concerned with two others in an association, for maintaining one trull common to the whole three.

This review of one of the chief sources of extravagance, in the higher and middling walks of life, will help us to account for the frequent mortgages and distresses in families of fashion, and the numerous bankruptcies in trade. Here also I cannot help observing, that in this case, the mis-behaviour of the women is, in a great measure, to be charged to the men: for how can it be expected, that a lady should take any pleasure in discharging the domestic duties of a wife, when she sees her husband's affections placed abroad? Nothing, indeed, can be advanced in vindication of loose conduct in the fair sex; but considering our modern morals, it is surely not much to be wondered at, when the husband openly affronts his family by keeping a wench, if the wife also takes care to provide herself a gallant.

No. LII. THURSDAY, JANUARY 23.

Quem si puellarum insereres choro,
Mire sagaces fallaret hospites
Discrimen obscurum, solutis
Crinibus, ambiguoque vultu. HOR.

In form so delicate, so soft his skin,
So fair in feature, and so smooth his chin,
Quite to unman him nothing wants but this;
Put him in coats, and he's a very miss.

.....Non illa collo calathisve Minervæ
Fœmineas assueta manus..... VIRG.

See the she-rake her softer sex disown:
The breeches more become her than the gown.

I AM persuaded, that my readers will agree with me in thinking, that the writers of the following letters ought to change cloaths; since, as the case stands at present, the one seems to be a pretty Miss in breeches, and the other a blood in petticoats.

To Mr. Town.

SIR,

ROCKS, deserts, wilds, wastes, savages, and barbarians, make up the sum total of the odious country. I am just returned from a visit there; and would not pass another three weeks in the same way to be lord of the manor.

Having received frequent invitations from Sir Sampson Five-bars, and having heard much of the beauty of his three sisters, in an evil hour I took a resolution to sacrifice this Christmas to him at his seat in Wiltshire. I flattered myself with the hopes, that the novelty and oddness of the scene would serve me at least to laugh at; and that if the rustics were

not mere stocks and stones, my cloaths and discourse would have taught them to talk and dress like human creatures. Need I tell you, that I was disappointed? Sir Sampson is what the country people call an hearty man: he has the shape and constitution of a porter, and is sturdy enough to encounter Broughton without mufflers! "when he speaks, thunder breaks;" he hunts almost every morning, and takes a toast and tankard for his breakfast. You may easily imagine, that what was pleasure to him must be torture to me; and, indeed, I would as soon draw in a mill, or carry a chair for my diversion, as follow any of their horrid country amusements. But Sir Sampson, out of his abundant good-nature, insisted on lending me a gun, and shewing me a day's sport of shooting. For this purpose he loaded me with an huge gun, threw a bag and pouch across my shoulders, and made me look for all the world like Robinson Crusoe! After I had followed him, through woods and thickets, and briars and brambles, a servant, who was with us, hollowed out, mark! when the baronet's gun went off so suddenly, that it threw me into a swoon; and at last I could hardly be convinced that Sir Sampson had shot nothing but a woodcock.

After this you will conclude, that I was not to be prevailed on to hunt. Once, indeed, Miss Fanny did tempt me to accompany her on a morning-ride; but even this I heartily repented. Miss Fanny, I found, valued neither hedge nor ditch, has the strength of a chair-woman, and in short, is more like Trulla in Hudibras, or Boadicea in the play, than a woman of fashion. Unluckily too, the horse I rode was skittish and unruly; so that while I was scampering after Miss Fanny, a sudden start brought me to the ground. I received no hurt, but the fall so fluttered my spirits, that Miss Fanny was obliged to take me up behind her. When we arrived at the house, I was in the ut-

ıst confusion; for the booby servants stood gaping
l grinning at my distress; and Sir Sampson him-
f told me, with a laugh as horrible as Caliban's,
ıt he would lend me one of his maids, to carry me
t an airing every morning.

Besides these and fifty other mortifications, I could
arce get any rest during the whole time I remained
ere: every other morning I was constantly waked
the hungry knight, just returned from the chace,
ıd bawling for dinner. My breakfast was what they
lled their afternoon tea, at which I always assisted
e ladies; for I should infallibly have perished, had
staid in the hall, amidst the jargon of toasts and the
mes of tobacco. I thought, indeed, my time might
› much more agreeably employed in the parlour;
ıt even here my disappointment was grievous past
xpression. These fair ones, for such they were,
ere hale indeed and ruddy; and having been always
›oped up, like turkeys in a pen, were really no better
ıan *belles sauvages*, being totally ignorant of the gen-
:el airs and languishing *delicatesse* of women of
ıshion. Their cloaths were huddled on merely with
view to cover their nakedness; and they had no no-
on that their eyes were given them for any other
urpose than to see, and (what is more strange) to
:ad, forsooth! For my part, Mr. Town, unless a wo-
ıan can use her eyes to more advantage, I should as
›on fall in love with my lap-dog or my monkey; and
'hat constitutes the difference between a lady and her
ook-maid, but her taste in dress? Mobs and hand-
erchiefs answer the end of covering, but the main
urpose of dress is to reveal. I really almost begin
ı think, that these awkward creatures were so stupid
nd unaccountable, as to have no design upon me.
'o complete the oddity of their characters, these girls
re constant at church, but never dreamed of promot-
ıg an intrigue there; employ their whole time there

in praying, never heard of such things as cut fans; and are so attentive to the queer old put of a preacher, that they scarce look or listen to any one else. After service too the doctor is always taken home to dinner, and is as constant at table on Sunday, as a surloin and a plumb-pudding.

But even with these unaccountable females I thought I could have passed my evenings tolerably, if I could have got them to cards, which have the charming faculty of rendering all women equally agreeable. But these, I found, they were almost wholly unaccustomed to. I once, indeed, heard the dear cards mentioned, and was in hopes of something like an assembly. But what was my mortification! when, instead of seeing half a dozen card-tables, &c. set out, and whist, brag, or lansquenet going forward, I saw these strange women place themselves at an huge round table, with country girls and cherry-cheeked bumkins, to play, according to annual Christmas custom, at Pope Joan and snip-snap-snorum.

It would be endless to recount the miseries I suffered in those three weeks. Even the necessaries of life were denied me; and I could scarce have been more at a loss among the Hottentots. Would you think it, Sir? though this house had a family in it, and a family of females too, not a drop of Benjamin-wash, nor a dust of almond-powder could be procured there, nor indeed in all the parish; and I was forced to scrub my hands with filthy wash-ball, which so ruined their complexion, that laying in dog-skin gloves will not recover them this fortnight. Add to this, that I never could dress for want of pomatum, so that my hair was always in *disheville*; and I am sure, I should not have been known at the *Dilettanti*. At length, Sir, my snuff and salts were pretty nigh exhausted: and to add to my distress, I lost my snuff-box. These losses were irreparable there; not all the country afforded

snuff and salts as mine: I could as soon live
it food as without either; and not a box could
h but one of Deard's, and of my own chusing.
hurried up to town; and being just recovered
the fatigue of my journey, I send you this, in
that my woeful experience will deter all my
s from following a chace as mad and hair-brain-
any of Sir Sampson's; since it is impossible to
a day there with tolerable ease, and neither wit
auty are worth one pinch, unless they are im-
d by a town education.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

DILLY DIMPLE.

r other correspondent, by the familiarity of her
ss, must, I am sure, be a woman of fashion.

r Town!

DID I know your christian name I would call
y it, to shew you at first setting out, that I know
orld, and was bred and born in high life.
e design of this epistle is to express to you the
iness, that some of us women of spirit feel at
incumbered with petticoats; and to convince
by our way of life, that had we been men, we
d have been bucks of the first head. Be assur-
owever, that such of us as are unmarried are
y virtuous. We have, indeed, been accused of
ng the dress of the nymphs of Drury. And can
ing be invented more becoming? Fanny, it must
ned, has taste. What so smart as a cocked
And who but sees the advantages of short petti-
unless it be some squire's awkward daughter,
ever yet heard of a *Paloneze*, and never acciden-
hews her leg without blushing?

It is true, this similitude in dress now and then occasions some droll mistakes. In the park the joke has been sometimes carried so far, I have been obliged to call the centry: and how did a young templar start and stare, when having just made an appointment with him, he saw me step into a chair adorned with coronets!

If you frequent Ranelagh, you must undoubtedly have seen or heard me there, I am always surrounded with a crowd of fellows; and my voice and laugh is sure to be the loudest, especially while Beard is singing. One is, my dear lord, another, my sweet colonel; and the rest I call Tom, Dick, or Harry, as I would their footmen. At the play, I always enter in the first act. All the eyes in the house is turned upon me. I am quite composed. Before I am settled, the act is over; and to some I nod or curtsy, with others I talk and laugh, until the curtain falls.

What would I give to change my sex! *Entre nous*, I have a strong inclination to see the world in masquerade. If you love me, keep it secret, and should you hear of any prank more wild and buckish than usual, conclude it to played by me in men's cloaths.

Your's, as you mind me,

HARRIOT HARE-BRAIN.

No. LIII. THURSDAY, JANUARY 30.

.....Aconita bibuntur. Juv.

Drams are our bane, since poisons lurk within,
And some by cordials fall, and some by gin.

NOTHING is more natural, than for quacks of all professions to recommend their wares to those persons, who are most likely to stand in need of them. Thus Mrs. Giles very properly acquaints the fair sex, that she sells her fine compound, for taking off superfluous hairs, at a guinea an ounce; and ladies of quality are constantly informed, where they may be furnished with the newest brocades, or the choicest variety of Chelsea-China figures for deserts. It is also very necessary, that the *beau monde* should be acquainted, that *eau de luce* may be had here in England, the same as at Paris. But I must own, I was very much surprised at seeing repeated advertisements in the papers from the "Rich Cordial Ware-house," introduced by an address "To the People of Fashion." I cannot but look upon this as a libel on our persons of distinction; and I know not whether it may not be construed into *scandalum magnatum*; as it tacitly insinuates, that our Right Honourables are not better than dram-drinkers.

There is a well known story of the famous Rabelais, that having a mind to impose on the curiosity of his landlord, he filled several vials with an innocent liquor, and tied labels to them, on which was written, Poison for the King....poison for the Dauphin....poison for the Prime Minister....and for all the principal courtiers. The same might be said of these rich cordial liquors; which, however, they may recommend themselves to the people of fashion by their fo-

reign titles and extraction, are to be considered as poisons in masquerade: and instead of the pompous names of *eau d'or*, *eau divine*, and the like, I would have labels fixed on the bottles (in imitation of Rabelais) with....poison for my lord duke....poison for the viscount....poison for the countess.

We live, indeed, in so polite an age, that nothing goes down with us, but what is either imported from France and Italy, or dignified with a foreign appellation. Our dress, must be entirely *a la mode de Paris;* and I will venture to ensure great success to the Monsieur taylor, who tells us in the public papers, that he has just been to France to see the newest fashions. A dinner is not worth eating, if not served up by a French cook; our wines are of the same country, and the dram-drinkers of fashion are invited to comfort their spirits with rich cordials from Chamberry, Neuilly, and l'Isle de Rhé. A plain man must undoubtedly smile at the alluring names which are given to many of these *liqueurs*, nor is it possible to guess at their composition from their titles. The virtues as well as the intent of viper water may be well known: but who would imagine, that *Flora Granata*, or *Belle de Nuit* should be intended only to signify a dram? For my own part, I should rather have taken *Marasquino* for an Italian fidler, and have concluded, that *Jacomonoodi* was no other than an opera-singer.

But dram-drinking, however different in the phrase, is the same in the practice, in every station of life; and sipping rich cordials is no less detestable, than in the vulgar idiom bunging your eye. What signifies it, whether we muddle with *eau de millefleurs* or plain anniseed? or whether we fetch our drams from the rich cordial warehouse, or the black-a-moor and still? The lady of St. James's, who paints her face with frequent applications of coffee or chocolate water, looks as hideous as the trollop of St. Giles's, who has

id on the same colours by repeated half quarterns f gin royal. There are many customs among the reat, which are also practised by the lower sort of eople: and if persons of fashion wrap up their drams n the disguise of a variety of specious titles, in this oo they are rivalled by the vulgar. Madam Gin has een christened by as many names, as a German rincess: every petty chandler's shop will sell you ky-blue, and every night-cellar furnish you with Holland tape, three yards a penny. Nor can I see the difference between oil of Venus, spirit of Adonis, and Parfat Amour, for the use of our quality, and what among the vulgar is called Cupid's Eye-water, Strip me naked, and Lay me down softly.

To these elegant and genteel appellations it is, perhaps, chiefly owing, that drams are not confined merely to the vulgar, but are in esteem among all ranks of people, and especially among the ladies. Many a good woman, who would start at the very mention of strong waters, cannot conceive there can be any harm in a cordial. And as the fair sex are more particularly subject to a depression of spirits, it is no wonder that they should convert their apothecaries shops into rich cordial warehouses, and take drams by way of physic; as the common people make gin serve for meat, drink, and cloaths. The ladies perhaps may not be aware, that every time they have recourse to their hartshorn or lavender drops, to drive away the vapours, they in effect take a dram; and they may be assured, that their cholic, surfeit, and plague waters are to be ranked among spirituous liquors, as well as the common stuff at the gin-shop. The college of physicians, in their last review of the London dispensatory, for this very reason expelled the strong water, generally known by the soothing name of hysteric water; because it was a lure to the fe-

male sex to dram it by authority, and to get tipsy *secundum artem.*

If any of my fair readers have at all given into this pernicious practice of dram-drinking, I must intreat them to leave it off betimes, before it has taken such hold of them, as they can never shake off. For the desire of drams steals upon them, and grows to be habitual, by imperceptible degrees: as those, who are accustomed to take opiates, are obliged to encrease the dose gradually, and at last cannot sleep without it. The following letter may serve to convince them of the deplorable situation of a lady who covers her drinking under the pretence of mending her constitution.

To Mr. Town.

SIR,

I HAVE the misfortune to be married to a poor sickly creature, who labours under a complication of disorders, and which nothing can relieve but a continual course of strong liquors; though, poor woman! she would not else touch a dram for the world. Sometimes she is violently troubled with the tooth-ach, and then she is obliged to hold a glass of rum in her mouth, to numb the pain: at other times she is seized with a racking fit of the cholic, and nothing will so soon give her ease as some right Holland's gin. She has the gout in her constitution? and whenever she feels a twitch of it, the only thing is sheer brandy, to keep it from her head: but this is sometimes too cold for her, and she is forced to drive it out of her stomach with true Irish usquebaugh. She is never free from the vapours, notwithstanding she is continually drinking hartshorn and water: and ever since she miscarried, she is so hysterical in the night time, that she never lies without a cordial-water bottle by her bedside. I *have paid* the apothecary above fifty pounds for her in

r; and his bill is laced down with nothing but epper-mint water, and the cordial draught re-

very diet must always be made heartening; se it will do her no good. Tea would make -spirited, except she was to qualify every dish large spoonful of rum. She has a glass of in with bitters an hour before dinner, to get an :; and her stomach is so poor, that when she le, she must force every bit down with a glass of a. We usually have a tiff of punch together vening: but the acid would gripe her, and the eep her awake all the night, if it was not made able with more than an equal portion of spirit. notwithstanding the grievous complaint she abours under, she is very hale; and her com- is, to all appearance, as healthy and florid, as naid's; except, indeed, that her nose and fore- e subject to red pimples, blotches, and break- t, which the apothecary tells me are owing to of a *phlogistic* humour in her blood. For my onsidering the quantity of combustibles she ally pours down, I should imagine the fire in nach would kindle a flame in her countenance; nould not wonder, if she looked as horrible as ho hang their face over a bowl of burnt bran- iap-dragon.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

TIMOTHY NOGGAN.

No. LIV. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 6.

Lusit ambiliter, donec jam sævus apertam
In rabiem verti cæpit jocus..... Hor.

Frolicks for men of spirit only fit,
Where rapes are jests, and murder is sheer wit.

THE noblest exploit of a man of the town, the highest proof and utmost effort of his genius and pleasantry, is the frolick. This piece of humour consists in playing the most wild and extravagant pranks, that wantonness and debauchery can suggest: and is the distinguishing characteristic of the buck and blood. These facetious gentlemen, whenever champagne has put them in spirits, sally out "flown with insolence and wine" in quest of adventures. At such a time, the more harm they do, the more they shew their wit; and their frolicks, like the mirth of a monkey, are made up of mischief.

The frolick formerly signified nothing more than a piece of innocent mirth and gaiety: but the modern sense of the word is much more lively and spirited. The Mohocks, and the members of the Hell-Fire Club, the heroes of the last generation, were the first who introduced these elevated frolicks, and struck out mighty good jokes from all kinds of violence and blasphemy. The present race of bucks commonly begin their frolick in a tavern, and end it in the round-house; and during the course of it practise several pretty pleasantries. There is a great deal of humour in what is called beating the rounds, that is in plain English, taking a tour of the principal bawdy-houses: breaking lamps, and skirmishes with watchmen, are very good jests; and the insulting any dull sober fools, *that* are quietly trudging about their business, or a *rape on* a modest woman, are particularly facetious

Whatever is in violation of all decency and order, is an exquisite piece of wit: and in short, a frolick, and raying the devil, bear the same explanation in a modern glossary.

It is surprising how much invention there is in these exploits, and how wine inspires these gentlemen with noughts more extraordinary and sublime, than any ober man could ever have devised. I have known a hole company start from their chairs, and begin tilting at each other merely for their diversion. Another me these exalted geniuses have cast lots, which ould be thrown out of the window; and at another ade a bonfire of their cloaths, and ran naked into the reets. I remember a little gentleman not above five et high, who was resolved, merely for the sake of the olick, to lie with the tall woman; but the joke ended in his receiving a sound cudgelling from the hands f his Thalestris. It was no longer ago than last inter, that a party of jovial templars set out an hour r two after midnight on a voyage to Lisbon, in order o get good port. They took boat at the temple stairs, nd prudently laid in, by way of provisions, a cold veison pasty and two bottles of rasberry brandy: but hen they imagined they were just arrived at Gravesnd, they found themselves suddenly overset in Chelea-Reach, and very narrowly escaped being drowned. he most innocent frolicks of these men of humour re carried on, in a literary way, by advertisements in ie news-papers, with which they often amuse the own, and alarm us with bottle conjurors, and persons ho will jump down their own throats. Sometimes ey divert themselves by imposing on their acquaintnce with fictitious intrigues, and putting modest woen to the blush by describing them in the public paers. Once, I remember, it was the frolick to call toether all the wet nurses, that wanted a place: at ano*er time, to summon several old women to bring*

their male tabby cats, for which they were to expect a considerable price: and not long ago, by the proffer of a curacy, they drew all the poor parsons to St. Paul's coffee-house, where the bucks themselves sat in another box to smoke their rusty wigs and brown cassocks.

But the highest frolick, that can possibly be put in execution, is a genteel murder; such as running a waiter through the body, knocking an old feeble watchman's brains out with his own staff, or taking away the life of some regular scoundrel, who has not spirit enough to whore and drink like a gentleman. The noblest frolick of this kind I ever remember, happened a few years ago at a country town. While a party of bucks were making a riot at an inn, and tossing the chairs and tables and looking-glasses into the street, the landlady was indiscreet enough to come up stairs, and interrupt their merriment with her impertinent remonstrances; upon which they immediately threw her out of the window after her own furniture. News was soon brought of the poor woman's death; and the whole company looked upon it as a very droll accident, and gave orders that she should be charged in the bill.

These wild pranks are instances of great spirit and invention: but alas! the generality of mankind have no taste for humour. Few people care to have a sword in their ribs for the sake of the joke, or to be beat to mummy, or shot through the head, for the diversion of the good company. They sometimes imagine the jest is carried too far; and are apt to apply the words of the old fable, "It may be sport to you, but it is death to us." For these reasons, a set of these merry gentlemen are as terrible to the ordinary part of the world, as a troop of banditti; and an affair, which has been thought very high fun in Pall-Mall or *Covent*-Garden, has been treated in a very serious

manner at Westminster-Hall or the Old Bailey. Our legislature has been absurd enough to be very careful of the lives of the lowest among the people; and the counsel for an highwayman would sooner plead distress as an excuse for discharging his pistol, than mere wantonness and frolick. Nor do the governments abroad entertain a better opinion of this sort of humour: for it is but a few years since a gentleman in his travels, who was compleating a town education by the polite tour, shot a waiter through the head; but the joke was so ill received, that the gentleman was hanged within four and twenty hours. It would be adviseable therefore for these gentlemen, since the taste of the age is so incorrigible, to lay aside this high-seasoned humour. For their pistol, as it were, recoils upon themselves; and since it may produce their own deaths, it would be more prudent not to draw their wit out of their scabbards.

Our ladies of quality, who have at length adopted French manners with French fashions, and thrown off all starchness and reserve with the ruff and the fardingale, are very fond of a frolick. I have, indeed, lately observed with great pleasure the commendable attempts of the other sex to shake off the shackles of custom; and I make no doubt, but a libertine lady will soon become a very common character. If their passion for gaming continues to increase in the same proportion that it has for some time past, we shall very soon meet with abundance of sharpers in petticoats; and it will be mentioned as a very familiar incident, that a party of female gamblers were seized by the constables at a gaming-table. I am also informed, that it is grown very common among the ladies to toast pretty fellows; that they often amuse themselves with concerting schemes for an excellent frolick. A frolick is, indeed, the most convenient name in the world to veil an intrigue: and it is a great pity, that

husbands and fathers should ever object to it. I can see no harm in a lady's going disguised to mob it in the gallery at the play house; and could not but smile at the pretty innocent wanton, who carried the joke so far as to accompany a strange gentleman to a bagnio; but when she came there, was surprised to find, that he was fond of a frolick, as well as herself, and offered her violence. But I particularly admire the spirit of that lady, who had such true relish for a frolick, as to go with her gallant to the masquerade, though she knew he had no breeches under his domino.

I most heartily congratulate the fine ladies and gentlemen of the age on the spirit, with which they pursue their diversions; and I look upon a bold frolick as the peculiar privilege of a person of fashion. The ladies undoubtedly see a great deal of pleasure in an intrigue, and mimic the dress and manners of the courtesans very happily and facetiously; while the gentlemen, among many other new fancies, have made the old blunder of the Merry Andrew appear no longer ridiculous, and are mightily pleased with the comical humours of murder. The frolicks now in vogue will probably continue to be the amusements of the polite world for a long time: but whenever the fashion is about to vary, I beg leave to propose the frolick recommended, if I remember right, to the Duke of Wharton by Dr. Swift. "When you are tired of "your other frolicks, I would have you take up the "frolick of being good; and my word for it, you will "find it the most agreeable frolick you ever practised "in your life."

O.

No. LV. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13.

..... .Nil obstat. Cois tibi pene videre est
Ut nudam, ne crure malo, ne sit pede turpi:
Metiri possis oculo latus..... Hor.

The taper leg, slim waist, and lovely side,
Nor stays nor envious petticoat shall hide;
But full in sight the tempting bosom swell,
While bucks with wonder view the naked belle.

THERE once prevailed among us a sect called the Adamites, whose doctrine, like that of our present Moravians, was calculated to comfort the flesh as well as the spirit; and many things, generally accounted indecent and immodest, were with them regarded as principles of religion. The chief article maintained by this sect was, that it was proper, like our great forefather Adam, to go naked; and the proselytes to this faith came abroad in the public streets and open daylight without any cloathing. But this primitive simplicity did not agree with the notions of those degenerate days; and the Adamities were looked upon as an intolerable nuisance. Their religion, like all others, was soon attended with persecution: and some of the converts were dragged naked at the cart's tail, some set in the stocks, and others sent to Bridewell.

Since that remarkable period the male part of our species have been decently covered; but the female world has made several bold attempts to throw off the incumbrance of cloaths. Caps, handkerchiefs, tuckers, and modesty-pieces have been long discarded; and the ladies have continued every year to shed some other part of their dress, as useless and unornamental. But these are only half assertions of the female rights and natural liberty, in comparison to the project, which, it is thought, will be ripe for execution by the summer.

A set of ladies of the first fashion have agreed to found a sect of

EVITES,

who are to appear in public, with no other covering than the original fig-leaf. The primitive simplicity of appearance will be restored; and though some may be censorious enough to imagine, that their confidence arises from very different principles, it may justly be said of our ladies of quality, as of our first parents before the fall, "They are naked, and are not ashamed."

My country readers, and all those who live at a distance from the polite world, may perhaps look upon this scheme as merely fantastical and imaginary; but nothing is more true. The milliners are at this time very busy in making up artificial fig-leaves, and adorning them according to the different fancies of the wearers. There is more taste displayed in contriving an elegant fig-leaf, than has hitherto been exerted in forming a genteel sword-knot. Some have bunches of the gayest coloured ribbands dangling loosely from the stalk, others tassels of gold and silver-lace, and a few, designed for ladies of the highest distinction, bunches of diamonds. This and the pompon, which it is said has been lately worn merely as a type of the fig-leaf, will make up the common dress of the whole female world: but if ever the weather should be too severe for the ladies to appear (as Bayes expresses it) *in puris naturalibus*, they are to wear flesh-coloured silks with pompons and fig-leaves as usual.

There are perhaps persons who, as they still retain some of the leaven of decency in their composition, will be startled at this project. I must own, however, that it does not appear to me to be in the least extraordinary or surprising: for, considering the present dress of our women of fashion, there remains no fur-

r step to be taken, except absolute nakedness. The ys and petticoat have been so unmercifully pruned l cut away in order to discover latent beauties, that hose of the present mode were to fall into the hands our distant posterity, they would conclude, that the esent race of women must have been a generation pigmies; for they could never possibly conceive that ey were of common size, and wore any garments so le calculated either for use or ornament. If one ght judge by appearances, the small degree of mo- sty that is left in the polite world, seems to be long the men; and one is almost tempted to look the rakes and persons of intrigue in the other sex. was present a few nights ago at the representation the Chances; and when I looked round the boxes, d observed the loose dress of all the ladies, and the eat relish with which they received the high-sea- ned jests in that comedy, I was almost apprehensive at the old story of the outrage of the Romans on the bine women would be inverted, and that the ladies uld rise up and commit a rape on the men.

But notwithstanding all that may be said against s project for establishing nakedness, it is not with- t example. Among the Hottentots, a very wise and lite nation, the ladies at this day go quite naked, cept a loose mantle thrown over their shoulders, and short apron before instead of a fig-leaf. It is also ll known, that the Spartans allowed their unmarri- women to wear a sort of loose robe, which at every otion discovered their charms through several open- gs, contrived for that purpose. There would cer- nly be no harm in extending this liberty to the whole x; and I am not in the least inclined to listen to the alignant insinuations, that when a married woman deavours to look particularly tempting, it is not erely to please her husband, but to captivate a gal- nt. It may perhaps be further objected, that our

northern climate is too cold to strip in: but this little inconvenience is amply compensated, by the security the ladies will create to themselves by taking such extraordinary liberties, and carrying matters so very far, that it will be indecent even to reprehend them.

There is, however, a very large part of the sex, for whom I am greatly concerned on this occasion: I mean the old and the ugly. Whatever the belles may get by this fashion, these poor ladies will be great sufferers. Their faces are already more than is agreeable to be shewn; but if they expose sickly skins furrowed and pursed up like a washer-woman's fingers, the sight will become too disgusting. During the present mode I have observed, that the display of a yellow neck or clumsy leg has created but few admirers: and it is reasonable to conclude, that when the new fashion begins to prevail universally, although our men of pleasure will be glad to see the young and beautiful (whom they would desire to take into their arms,) stripping as fast as possible, yet they are not so fond of primitive and original simplicity, as to be captivated by a lady, who has none of the charms of Eve, except her nakedness.

Some persons of more than ordinary penetration will be apt to look on this project in a political light, and consider it as a scheme to counterwork the marriage act. But as the chief ladies who concerted it, are already provided with husbands, and are known to be very well affected to the government, this does not appear probable. It is more likely to be an artifice of the beauties to make their superiority incontestible, by drawing in the dowdies of the sex to suffer by such an injurious contrast. However this may be, it is very certain, that the most lovely of the sex are about to employ the whole artillery of their charms against us, and indeed seem resolved to shoot us flying. On *this* occasion it is to be hoped, that the practice of

inting, which is now so very fashionable, will be enely laid aside; for whoever incrusts herself in paint, n never be allowed to be naked; and it is surely ore elegant for a lady to be covered even with silk, d linen, than to be daubed, like an old wall, with aister and rough-cast.

After this account of the scheme of our modish feales now in agitation, which the reader may depend on as genuine, it only remains to let him know how ame by my intelligence. The Parliament of Woen, lately proposed, is now actually sitting. Upon eir first meeting, after the preliminaries were adsted, the whole house naturally resolved itself into a mmittee on the affairs of dress. The fig-leaf bill, e purport of which is contained in this paper, was ought in by a noble countess, and occasioned some ry warm debates. Two ladies in particular made veral remarkable speeches on this occasion: but they ere both imagined to speak, like our male patriots, ore for their own private interest than for the good the public. For one of these ladies, who insisted ry earnestly on the decency of some sort of cover-, and has a very beautiful face, is shrewdly suspect- not to be so much above all rivalry in the turn and oportion of her limbs; and the other, who was impant to be undressed with all expedition, was thought be too much influenced by her known partiality to a ourite mole, which now lies out of sight. The bill, wever, was passed by a considerable majority, and is ended to be put in force by midsummer day next suing.

W.

CONNOISSEUR.
Vol. 2. N° 56.
I.H. Seymour Sc.

TO NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

d puzzle the most profound antiquary to dis-
ıat could give birth to the strange notions
by fond nymphs and swains. The god of
more superstitious votaries, and is worship-
more unaccountable rites, than any fabulous
.tever. Nothing, indeed, is so whimsical as
ination of a person in love. The dying
carves the name of his mistress on the trees,
fond maid knits him a pair of garters with
us poesy; and both look on what they do as
charm to secure the affections of the other.
ill rejoice to give his mistress a bracelet or a
and she perhaps will take pleasure in work-
ı pair of ruffles. These they will regard as
onds of love; but neither would on any ac-
the risk of "cutting love," by giving or re-
ch a present as a knife or a pair of scissars.
the picture of the beloved object constantly
ıeart, is universally accounted a most ex-
d never-failing preservative of affection: and
ourse of their amour, the mistress gives the
her hair wove in a true lover's knot, or
crooked nine pence with him, she thinks
sured of his inviolable fidelity.

ew years ago there was publicly advertised,
e other extraordinary medicines whose won-
dities are daily related in the last page of
papers, a most efficacious love powder; by
espairing lover might create affection in the
the most cruel mistress. Lovers have, in-
ys been fond of enchantment. Shakspeare
sented Othello as accused of winning his
ıa "by conjuration and mighty magic;"
critus and Virgil have both introduced wo-
eir pastorals, using charms and incantations
r the affections of their sweethearts. In a
mans, genii, witches, fairies, and all the in-

struments of magic and enchantment, were first discovered by lovers, and employed in the business of love.

But I never had a thorough insight into all this amorous sorcery, until I received the following letter, which was sent me from the country a day or two after Valentine's day; and I make no doubt, but all true lovers most religiously performed the previous rites mentioned by my correspondent.

To Mr. Town.

DEAR SIR, Feb. 17, 1755.

YOU must know I am in love with a very clever man, a Londoner; and as I want to know whether it is my fortune to have him, I have tried all the tricks I can hear of for that purpose. I have seen him several times in coffee-grounds, with a sword by his side; and he was once at the bottom of a tea-cup in a coach and six with two footmen behind it. I got up last May morning, and went into the fields to hear the cuckow; and when I pulled off my left shoe, I found an hair in it exactly the same colour with his. But I shall never forget what I did last Midsummer eve. I and my two sisters tried the dumb cake together: you must know, two must make it, two bake it, two break it, and the third put it under each of their pillows, (but you must not speak a word all the time,) and then you will dream of the man you are to have. This we did; and to be sure I did nothing all night but dream of Mr. Blossom. The same night, exactly at twelve o'clock, I sowed hempseed in our back yard, and said to myself, "hempseed I sow, "hempseed I hoe, and he that is my true-love come "after me and mow." Will you believe me? I looked back, and saw him behind me, as plain as eyes *could see him.* After that, I took a clean shift, and

ed it, and turned it wrong side out, and hung it
ıe fire upon the back of a chair; and very likely
sweetheart would have come and turned it right
n, (for I heard his step,) but I was frightened,
could not help speaking, which broke the charm.
ıewise stuck up two Midsummer men, one for
ıelf, and one for him. Now if his had died away,
should never have come together: but, I assure
, his blowed, and turned to mine. Our maid
ty tells me, that if I go backwards, without speak-
a word, into the garden upon Midsummer eve,
gather a rose, and keep it in a clean sheet of pa-
, without looking at it, till Christmas day, it will
.s fresh as in June; and if I then stick it in my bo-
ı, he that is to be my husband will come and take
ut. If I am not married before the time comes
ut again, I will certainly do it: and only mind if
. Blossom is not the man.

have tried a great many other fancies, and they
e all turned out right. Whenever I go to lie in a
ıge bed, I always tye my garter nine times round
bed-post, and knit nine knots in it, and say to my-
; "this knot I knit, this knot I tye, to see my love
s he goes by, in his apparel and array, as he
ralks in every day." I did so last holidays at my
le's; and to be sure I saw Mr. Blossom draw my
tains, and tuck up the cloaths at my bed's feet.
ısin Debby was married a little while ago, and she
t me a piece of bride-cake to put under my pillow;
I had the sweetest dream...I thought we were
ng to be married together. I have, many is the
e, taken great pains to pare an apple whole, and
ırwards flung the peel over my head; and it always
s in the shape of the first letter of his sirname or
ıistian name. I am sure Mr. Blossom loves me,
ıause, I stuck two of the kernels upon my forehead,
ile I thought upon him and the lubberly squire my

papa wants me to have: Mr. Blossom's kernel stuck on, but the other dropt off directly.

Last Friday, Mr. Town, was Valentine's day; and I will tell you what I did the night before. I got five bay-leaves, and pinned four of them to the four corners of my pillow, and the fifth to the middle; and then, if I dreamt of my sweetheart, Betty said we should be married before the year was out. But to make it more sure, I boiled an egg hard, and took out the yolk, and filled it up with salt; and when I went to bed, eat it shell and all, without speaking or drinking after it. We also wrote our lovers names upon bits of paper, and rolled them up in clay, and put them into water; and the first that rose up was to be our Valentine. Would you think it? Mr. Blossom was my man: and I lay a-bed and shut my eyes all the morning, until he came to our house; for I would not have seen another man before him for all the world.

Dear Mr. Town, if you know any other way to try our fortune by, do but put them in your paper. My mamma laughs at us, and says there is nothing in them; but I am sure there is, for several misses at our boarding-school have tried them, and they have all happened true: and I am sure my own sister Hetty, who died just before Christmas, stood in the church-porch last Mid-summer eve to see all that were to die that year in our parish; and she saw her own apparition.

Your humble servant,

ARABELLA WHIMSEY.

T

No. LVII. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27.

Dulce sodalitium!..... MARTIAL.

Now this is worshipful society. SHAKSPEARE.

THERE is no phrase in the whole vocabulary of modern conversation which has a more vague signification than the words "good company." People of fashion modestly explain it to mean only themselves; and, like the old Romans, look on all others as barbarians. Thus a star or a ribband, a title or a place, denotes good company; and a man rises in the esteem of the polite circle according to his rank or his rent-roll. This way of reasoning is so well known and so generally adopted, that we are not surprised to hear polite persons complain at their return from the play, that the house was very much crowded, but that there was no company: though, indeed, I could not help smiling at a lady's saying she preferred St. James's church to St. George's, because the pews were commonly filled with better company.

I propose at present to consider this comprehensive term, only as it respects a society of friends, who meet in order to pass their time in an agreeable manner. To do this the more effectually, I shall take a cursory view of the several methods now in vogue, by which a set of acquaintance endeavour to amuse each other. The reader will here meet with some very extraordinary inventions for this purpose; and when he has fixed his choice, may try to introduce himself into that company he likes best.

There is a great demand for wit and humour in some part of this metropolis. Among many he is reckoned the best company who can enliven his conversation with strokes of facetiousness, and (in Shak-

speare's words) " set the table on a roar." But as wit and humour do not always fall to the share of those who aim at shining in conversation, our jokers and witlings have wisely devised several mechanical ways of gaining that end. I know one who is thought a very facetious fellow by the club of which he is a member, because every night, as soon as the clock strikes twelve, he begins to crow like a cock: another is accounted a man of immense humour, for entertaining his friends with a burlesque hornpipe; and a third has the reputation of being excellent company by singing a song, and at the same time playing the tune upon the table with his knuckles and elbows. Mimicry is, in these societies, an indispensible requisite in a good companion. Imitations of the actors and other well-known characters are very much admired; to which they have given the appellation of taking off. But the mimic is by no means limitted to an imitation of the human species: for an exact representation of the brute creation will procure him infinite applause. Very many of these wits may be met with in different quarters of the town; and it is but a week ago, since I was invited to pass the evening with a society, which, after a display of their several talents, I found to consist of a dog, a cat, a monkey, an ass, and a couple of dancing bears.

I cannot help looking with some veneration on the wit exerted in societies of this sort, since it has the extraordinary quality of never creating either disgust or satiety. They assemble every night, tell the same stories, repeat the same jokes, sing the same songs; and they are every night attended with the same applause and merriment. Considering how much their wit is used, it is surprising, that it should not be worn out. Sometimes, however, one of the society makes a new acquisition, which is immediately thrown into the common stock of humour, and constantly display-

part of the entertainment of the evening. A
eman of this cast lately shewed me with great
he postscript of a letter, in which his correspon-
promised him huge fun the next time he should
im, for he had got two new stories, and three or
excellent songs from one of the actors.
iese are certainly very agreeable methods of pass-
he evening, and must please all persons, who
any relish for wit and humour. But these powers
tertaining are not every where the standard of
company. There are places, in which he is the
company, who drinks most. A boon companion
t down as a rule, that " talking spoils conversa-
A bumper is the argument; and his first care
promote a brisk circulation of the bottle. He
s his esteem for an absent friend by toasting him
umper extraordinary; and is frequently so good
oyal a subject, as to drink his majesty's health in
ints. If he is desired to sing a catch, he still
s the main point in view, and gives a song wrote
ingenious a style, that it obliges the company to
ff a glass at the end of every stanza. If he talks,
f " healths five fathom deep," or a late hard bout
another set of jolly fellows; and he takes care,
uick round of toasts, to supply the want of other
rsation.
ave ever thought the invention of toasts very use-
d ingenious. They at once promote hard drink-
nd serve as a kind of memorial of every glass
as been drank: they also furnish those with
rsation, who have nothing to say; or at least, by
ing all other topics, put the whole company on
l. Besides all this, three or four rounds or toasts
many are met together, must unavoidably lift
all into good company. These are no small
tages to society; not to mention the wit and
ity contained in many toasts.

Toasts are doubtless very useful and entertaining: but the wisest institution ever made in drinking societies, is the custom of appointing what is called an absolute toast-master. The gentleman invested with this dignity is created King of the Company; and, like other absolute monarchs, he commonly makes great use of his power. It is particularly his office to name the toast, to observe that every man tosses off his bumper, and is in every respect good company. He is also to correct all misdemeanors; and commonly punishes an offender by 'sconcing him a bumper;' that is, in the language of hard drinkers, not unmercifully denying him to add another to it of perhaps double the quantity. For offences of a very heinous nature, the transgressor is ordered a decanter of water, or a tankard of small beer. The privilege of inflicting a bumper is exerted almost every moment: for there is hardly any sort of behaviour, which does not produce this punishment. I have known a man sconced for drinking, for not drinking, for singing, for talking, for being silent, and at length sconced dead drunk, and made very good company.

But none of these qualifications above-mentioned, constitute good company in the genteel part of the world. Polite assemblies neither aim at wit and humour, nor make the least pretence to cultivate society. Their whole evenings are consumed at the card-table, without the least attempt at any other conversation than the usual altercations of partners between the deals. Whist has destroyed conversation, spoiled society, and "murdered sleep." This kind of good company is as ridiculous, and more insipid than either the society of witlings or hard-drinkers. Tossing off bumpers is as rational, and an employment infinitely more joyous, than shuffling a pack of cards an whole night: and puns, jokes, and mimicry, however stale *and repeated*, furnish the company with conversation

much use and variety, as the odd trick and four nours.

ich are the agreeable evenings passed at White's other coffee-houses about St. James's. Such is appiness of assemblies, routs, drums, and hurri-s: and without gaming, what insipid things are masquerades and ridottos! At such meetings, nan, who is good company, plays the game very knows more cases than are in Hoyle, and often esses some particular qualifications, which would o great recommendation to him any where else. ead of meeting together, like other companies, with sire of mutual delight, they sit down with a design i the pockets of each other: though, indeed, it is vonder, when one has stripped the other of two or e thousand pounds, if the successful gamester ks the person he has fleeced very good company. y what has been said, it appears that the notion ood company excludes all useful conversation; ch, in either of the above-mentioned societies, ld undoubtedly be despised as stupid and pedan-. The witlings have too lively a genius, and too m an imagination, to admit it; the boon compa-is can join nothing but love to a bottle; and among iesters, it would, like sleep, be "mere loss of time, hindrance of business." Yet an accomplished nber of either of these societies is called good ipany: which is just as proper an expression, as, ording to sergeant Kite, Carolus is good Latin for en Anne, or a stout beating. But a set of people, assemble for no other purpose than to game, e, in particular, so very bad a title, to the denomi-on of good company, that the appear to me to be very worst.

)

No. LVIII. THURSDAY,

Quicunque impudicus, adulter, ganeo
grande conflaverat, quo flagitium a
præterea, omnes undique parricidæ, s
ciis, aut pro factis judiciium timente
atque lingua perjurio et sanguine ci
omnes, quos flagitium, egestas, cons
bat.

Would you, like Cataline's, an arm
Go ransack White's, the taverns, a
Press every buck and blood, renow
For wenching, gambling, fighting,

A MISFORTUNE, which the other day, sufficiently convince veniences arising from the indiscri ed in our press-gangs; who pay i those who plead protection from th ture, than a bailiff's follower. I w reader think that I was pressed Devil (that is the messenger of t was carried off as he was going wi noisseur to the press. Learning a much importance, that (in my opi of the lowest retainers to it shou molestation; and it gives me conc loyal subject, that even a ballad-sin of bloody news, should be interrupt vocations. I have in vain endeavo manuscript again: for, though I ca one of my papers of almost as mu the nation, as the fitting out a fleet lors were so regardless of its ine that after much enquiry I detected Devil in conjunction) lighting thei low ale-house by Puddle-Dock.

This irretrievable loss to the public, as well as myself, led me to consider, whether some method might not be thought of, to raise sufficient forces for the fleet and army, without disturbing poor labourers and honest mechanics in their peaceful occupations. I have at length, with great pains and expence of thought, hit upon a scheme, which will effectually answer that end; and without further preface shall lay it before the public.

I would propose, that every useless member of the community should be made of service to his country, by being obliged to climb the ropes, or carry a musquet; and every detrimental one should be prevented from injuring his fellow-subjects, and sent to annoy the common enemy. To begin with the country. There is no occasion to rob the fields of their husbandmen, or to fetch our soldiers, as the Romans took their dictator, from the plough. It is well known, that every county can supply us with numerous recruits, if we were to raise them out of that idle body called country 'squires; many of whom are born only for the destruction of game, and disturbance of their neighbours. They are mere vegetables, which grow up and rot on the same spot of ground; except a few perhaps, which are transplanted into the Parliament House. Their whole life is hurried away in scampering after foxes, leaping five-bar gates, trampling upon the farmers' corn, and swilling October. As they are by their profession excellent marksmen, and have been used to carry a gun, they might employ their powder to more purpose in fetching down a Frenchman than a pheasant; and most of them might be incorporated among the cavalry, or formed into light-bodied troops, and mounted on their own hunters. They might also be of great use in maroding, or getting in forage: and if they would follow an enemy with the same alacrity and defiance of danger that

they follow a fox, they might do prodigie
in a pursuit. The greatest danger woul
a fox should perchance cross them in
they would be tempted to run from thei
the sake of a chace; and we should h
desert, or (in the language of fox-hunter

If the country is infested with these u
noxious animals, called 'squires, this me
less over-run with a set of idle and misc
tures, which we may call Town 'Squires.
soon levy a very numerous army, were
into it every vagrant about town, who, n
lawful calling, from thence takes upon
title of gentleman, and adds an Esq. to l
very large corps too might be formed fror
at the inns of court, who, under the pr
lowing the law, receive as it were a sa
ing nothing at all. With these the se
play-house and coffee-house critics, and
body of them called The Town, may
rank; and though no great exploits ca
from these invalids, yet (as they are ol
whatever) they may at least serve in t
Falstaff's men, as "food for powder."

But a very formidable troop might be
that part of them distinguished by the n
The fury of their assaults on drawers a
and the spirit displayed in storming a
be of infinite service in the field of battle
recommend it to the general, to have the
ciplined; lest they should shoot some
comrades, or perhaps run away, merel
of the joke. Under proper regulation
gentlemen would certainly be of use.
some thoughts of recommending to the
the bloods among those brave resolut
ployed as thief-takers. But they may

their purposes in the army: and what may we not expect from such intrepid heroes, who, for want of opportunity to exert their prowess in warlike skirmishes abroad, have been obliged to give vent to their courage by breaking the peace at home?

Every one will agree with me, that those men of honour, who make fighting their business, and cannot let their swords rest quietly in their scabbards, should be obliged to draw them in the service of his majesty. What might we not expect from these furious Drawcansirs, if, instead of cutting one another's throats, their skill in arms was properly turned against the enemy! A very little discipline would make them admirable soldiers: for (as Mercutio says) they are already "the very butchers of a silk button." I have known one of these duellists, to keep his hand in, employ himself every morning in thrusting at a bit of paper stuck against the wainscot; and I have heard another boast, that he could snuff a candle with his pistol. These gentlemen are, therefore, very necessary to keep them in continual action; for otherwise they would breed a kind of civil war among themselves, and rather than not fight at all, turn their weapons upon one another.

Several Irish brigades, not inferior to those of the same country in the service of the French king, may be formed out of those able-bodied men, which are called Fortune-hunters. The attacks of these dauntless heroes have, indeed, been chiefly levelled at the other sex: but employment may be found for these knight-errants, suitable to their known firmness and intrepidity; particularly in taking places by storm, where there is a necessity for ravishing virgins, and committing outrages upon the women.

But among the many useless members of society, there are none so unprofitable as the fraternity of gamesters. I therefore think, that their time would

be much better employed in handling a musket, than in shuffling a pack of cards, or shaking the dice-box. As to the sharpers, it is a pity that the same dexterity, which enables them to palm an ace, or cog a die, is not used by them in going through the manual exercise in the military way. These latter might, indeed, be employed as marines, or stationed in the West Indies; as many of them have already crossed the seas, and are perfectly well acquainted with the plantations.

The last proposal which I have to make on this subject, is to take the whole body of Free-thinkers into the service. For this purpose, I would impress all the members of the Robin Hood Society; and in consideration of his great merit, I would further advise, that the Clare-Market orator should be made chaplain to the regiment. One of the favourite tenets of a Free-thinker is, that all men are in a natural state of warfare with each other: nothing, therefore, is so proper for him, as to be actually engaged in a war. As he has no squeamish notions about what will become of him hereafter, he can have no fears about death: I would, therefore, always have the Free-thinkers put upon the most dangerous exploits, exposed to the greatest heat of battle, and sent upon the Forlorn Hope. For, since they confess that they are born into the world for no end whatever, and that they shall be nothing after death, it is but justice, that they should be annihilated for the good of their country.

No. LIX. THURSDAY, MARCH 15.

.....Monstra evenerunt mihi!
Introiit in ædes ater alienus canis!
Anguis per impluvium decidit de tegulis!
Gallina cecinit!..... TER.

What unlucky prodigies have befallen us! A strange black dog came into the house! A snake fell from the tiles through the sky-light! A hen crowed.

Mr. Village to Mr. Town.

Dear Cousin, March 3, 1755.

I WAS greatly entertained with your late reections on the several branches of magic employed in e affairs of love: I have myself been very lately mong the seers of visions and dreamers of dreams; nd hope you will not be displeased at an account of ortents and prognostics full as extravagant, though ey are not allowing to the same cause, as those of our correspondent Miss Arabella Whimsey. You ust know, cousin, that I am just returned from a vi-it of a fortnight to an old aunt in the north; where I as mightily diverted with the traditional superstitions hich are most religiously preserved in the family, as ey have been delivered down (time out of mind) om their sagacious grandmothers.

When I arrived, I found the mistress of the house ery busily employed, with her two daughters, in nail-ng an horse-shoe to the threshold of the door. This, ey told me, was to guard against the spiteful de-igns of an old woman, who was a witch, and had hreatened to do the family a mischief, because one of ay young cousins laid two straws across, to see if the ld hag could walk over them. The young lady as-ured me, that she had several times heard Goody ripple muttering to herself; and to be sure she was

saying the Lord's Prayer backwards. Besides, t
old woman had very often asked them for a pin:
they took care never to give her any thing that
sharp, because she should not bewitch them. Th
afterwards told me many other particulars of this ki
the same as are mentioned with infinite humour
the Spectator: and to confirm them, they assured
that the eldest miss, when she was little, used to h
fits, until the mother flung a knife at another
witch (whom that devil had carried off in an h
wind) and fetched blood from her.

When I was to go to bed, my aunt made a th
sand apologies for not putting me in the best roo
the house; which (she said) had never been lai
since the death of an old washer-woman, who wa
every night, and haunted that room in particular. T
fancied that the old woman had hid money somewh
and could not rest, until she had told somebody:
my cousin assured me, that she might have had i
to herself; for the spirit came one night to
bed-side, and wanted to tell her, but she had not
rage to speak to it. I learned also, that they h
footman once, who hanged himself for love; an
walked for a great while, until they got the parso
lay him in the Red Sea.

I had not been here long, when an accident
pened, which very much alarmed the whole fam
Towzer one night howled most terribly; which w
sure sign, that somebody belonging to them w
die. The youngest miss declared, that she had h
the hen crow that morning; which was another
prognostic. They told me, that just before u
died, Towzer howled so for several nights toget
that they could not quiet him; and my aunt heard
death-watch tick as plainly, as if there had been a c
in the room: the maid too, who sat up with
heard a bell toll at the top of the stairs, the very

ment the breath went out of his body. During this discourse, I overheard one of my cousins whisper the other, that she was afraid their mamma would not live long; for she smelt an ugly smell, like a dead carcass. They had a dairy-maid, who died the very week after an hearse had stopped at their door in its way to church: and the eldest miss, when she was but thirteen, saw her own brother's ghost, (who was gone to the West-Indies) walking in the garden, and to be sure, nine months after, they had an account, that he died on board the ship, the very same day, and hour of the day, that miss saw his apparition.

I need not mention to you the common incidents, which were accounted by them no less prophetic. If a cinder popped from the fire, they were in haste to examine whether it was a purse or a coffin. They were aware of my coming long before I arrived, because they had seen a stranger on the grate. The youngest miss will let nobody use the poker but herself; because, when she stirs the fire, it always burns bright, which is a sign she will have a brisk husband: and she is no less sure of a good one, because she generally has ill luck at cards. Nor is the candle less oracular than the fire: for the 'squire of the parish came one night to pay them a visit, when the tallow winding-sheet pointed towards him; and he broke his neck soon after in a fox-chace. My aunt one night observed with great pleasure a letter in the candle; and the very next day one came from her son in London. We knew when a spirit was in the room, by the candle burning blue: but poor cousin Nancy was ready to cry one time, when she snuffed it out, and could not blow it in again; though her sister did it at a whiff, and consequently triumphed in her superior virtue.

We had no occasion for an almanack or the weather-glass, to let us know whether it would rain or shine. One evening I proposed to ride out with my cousins

the next day to see a gentleman's house in the neighbourhood; but my aunt assured us it would be wet, she knew very well from the shooting of her corn. Besides, there was a great spider crawling up the chimney; and the blackbird in the kitchen began to sing, which were both of them certain forerunners of rain. But the most to be depended on in this case, is a tabby cat, which usually lies basking on the parlour hearth. If the cat turned her tail to the fire, we were to have an hard frost; if the cat licked her tail, rain would certainly ensue. They wondered what stranger they should see: because puss washed her foot over her left ear. The old lady complained of a cold, and the eldest daughter remarked, it would go through the family; for she observed, that poor Tab had sneezed several times. Poor Tab, however, once flew at one of my cousins; for which she had like to have been destroyed, as the whole family began to think she was no other than a witch.

It is impossible to tell you the several tokens, by which they know whether good or ill luck will happen to them. Spilling the salt, or laying knives across, are every where accounted ill omens; but a pin with the head turned towards you, or to be followed by a strange dog, I found were very lucky. I heard one of my cousins tell the cook-maid, that she boiled away all her sweethearts, because she had let her dish-water boil over. The same young lady one morning came down to her breakfast with her cap the wrong side out; which the mother observing, charged her not to alter it all day, for fear she should turn luck.

But, above all, I could not help remarking the various prognostics, which the old lady and her daughters used to collect from almost every part of the body. A white speck upon the nails made them as sure of a gift as if they had it already in their pockets. The eldest sister is to have one husband more than the youngest,

se she has one wrinkle more in her forehead; ıe other will have the advantage of her in the er of children, as was plainly proved by snapping finger-joints. It would take up too much room down every circumstance, which I observed of ort during my stay with them: I shall therefore ude my letter with the several remarks on other of the body, as far as I could learn them from rophetic family: for as I was a relation, you , they had less reserve.

he head itches, it is a sign of rain. If the head , it is a profitable pain. If you have the tooth- you do not love true. If your eye-brow itches, ill see a stranger. If your right eye itches, you ry; if your left, you will laugh: but left or right d at night. If your nose itches, you will shake with, or kiss a fool, drink a glass of wine, run st a cuckold's door, or miss them all four. If right ear or cheek burns, your left friends are g of you. If your elbow itches, you will e your bed-fellow. If your right hand itches, ill pay away money; if your left, you will receive. ır stomach itches, you will eat pudding. If your itches, butter will be cheap when grass grows . If your side itches, somebody is wishing for If your gartering place itches, you will go to a e place. If your knee itches, you will kneel in a e church. If your foot itches, you will tread strange ground. Lastly, if you shiver, somebody king over your grave.

I am, dear cousin, yours, &c.

No. LX. THURSDAY, MARCH 20

.....Hæc ego mecum
Compressis agito labris, ubi, quid datur oti,
Illudo Chartis,.....

Let not a word escape the lips...but hist...
And think in silence on the rules of whist.

WHOEVER has had occasion often through Holborn, must have taken notice of a cook's shop with the following remarkable ins over the door; Kidder's Pastry-School. I curiosity to enquire into the design of this ex nary academy, and found it was calculated to young ladies in the art and mystery of ta cheese-cakes. The scholars were, indeed, cl the lower class, except a few notable young the city, with two or three parsons daughters the country, intended for service. As hous accomplishments are now quite out of date am polite world, it is no wonder that Mr. Kidder share in the education of our young ladies of and I appeal to any woman of fashion, whet would not as soon put her daughter apprenti washer-woman, to learn to clear-starch and fine linen, as send her to the pastry-school t structed in raised crust and puff paste. Th dames of old, indeed, were not ashamed to mak arts their study: but in this refined age we sooner expect to see a kitchen-wench th Hoyle's Treatise on Whist, than a fine lady ing receipts for making puddings, or poring Complete art of Cookery.

The education of females is at present hap vated far above the ordinary employments of tic economy; and if any school is wanted for

provement of young ladies, I may venture to say, it should be a school for whist. Mr. Hoyle used, indeed, to wait on ladies of quality at their own houses to give them lectures in this science: but as that learned master has left off teaching, they can have no instructions but from his incomparable Treatise; and this, I am afraid, is so abstruse, and abounding with technical terms, that even those among the quality, who are tolerably well grounded in the science, are scarce able to unravel the perplexity of his cases, which are many of them as intricate as the hardest proposition in Euclid. A school for whist would, therefore, be of excellent use; where young ladies of quality might be gradually instructed in the various branches of lurching, renouncing, finessing, winning the ten-ace, and getting the odd trick, in the same manner as common misses are taught to write, read, and work at their needle.

It seems to be a strange neglect in the education of females, that though great pains are taken to make them talk French, they are yet so ignorant of the English language, that before they come to their teens, they can scarce tell what is meant by lurching, revoking, fuzzing the cards, or the most common terms now in use at all routs and assemblies. Hence it often happens, that a young lady is almost ripe for a gallant, and thoroughly versed in the arts of the toilet, before she is initiated into the mysteries of the card-table. I would, therefore, propose, that our demoiselles of fashion should be taught the art of card-playing from their cradles; and have a pack of cards put into their hands, at the usual time that the brats of the vulgar people are employed in thumbing their horn-book. The mind of man has been often compared (before it has received any ideas) to a white piece of paper, which is capable of retaining any impression afterwards made upon it. In like manner, I would

consider the minds of those infants, which are born into a well-bred family, as a blank pack of cards, ready to be marked with the pips and colours of the suits: at least I am confident that many of them, after they are grown up, have laid in very few ideas beyond them. What therefore Mr. Locke recommends, that we should cheat children into learning their letters by making it seem a pastime, should be put in practice in every polite nursery; and the little ladies may be taught to distinguish ace, deuce, &c. as soon as they could great A, little a, and the other letters of the Chris-cross row: as to the four honours, they will readily learn them by the same method that other children get the name of dogs, horses, &c. by looking at their pictures. After this, in order to complete her education, little miss (when of a proper age) should be sent to the whist-school, or have lessons from private masters at home. She may now be made to get by heart the laws of the game, read a chapter in Hoyle, and be catechised in laying and taking the odds: and in process of time, she may be set to solve any of Hoyle's hardest cases, or any of the propositions in his Doctrine of Chances; for which, (as Mr. Hoyle himself tells us) no more knowledge of arithmetic is required, than what is sufficient to reckon the tricks, or score up the game.

All sciences appear equally abstruse to the learner at his first setting out: but I will venture to say, that the science of whist is more complex in itself than even Algebra or the Mathematics. The Ass's Bridge in Euclid is not so difficult to be got over, nor the Logarithms of Napier so hard to be unravelled, as many of Hoyle's cases and propositions: as an instance of which, take the following most obvious and easy one:.....A and B are partners against C and D. A and B have scored three, and want to save their lurch. C and D are at Short Can'ye: and consequently

th sides play for two points. C has the deal, and rns up the knave of hearts. C asks his partner D, ıo refuses. B has the lead, and runs his strong iit, spades, two rounds, with ace and king. A discards s weakest suit, diamonds. Then B forces his partner. leads a strong club, which B refuses. A forces B, ho by leading spades, plays into A's hand, who returns club, and so they get a saw between them. After is A leads through C's honours. B finesses the n, and plays a spade, which A trumps. Now B by ying behind C's king and knave of trumps makes ıe ten-ace with ace and queen; and A having the ıng trump brings in his thirteenth club. Consequently A and B get a slam against their adversaries ' and D, and score a single game towards the rubbers.

Since, therefore, this science is attended with so nuch difficulty, the necessity of a school for whist is ery evident: and if the plan of education, above proıosed, was put into execution, I will venture to proıounce, that young ladies, who can now scarce be rusted at any game beyond One and Thirty Bone-Ace, or Beat the Knave out of Doors with the maid ervants, would be qualified at twelve years old to nake one at any card-table in town; and would even exel their mammas, who have not had the same advantage of education. Many an husband, and many a parent, I am sure, have had reason to lament, that their wives and daughters have not had the happiness of so early an instruction in this branch of female knowledge: and I make no doubt, but several boarding schools will be set up, where young ladies may be taught whist, brag, and all kinds of card-work. How many ladies, for want of such a school, are at present shut out from the best company, because they know no more of the game than what is called White-Chapel play! In order therefore to remedy this deficiency as far as possible, I would further recommend

it to Mr. Hoyle, or some other eminent artist, (in imitation of Messieurs Hart and Dukes, who profess to teach grown gentlemen to dance) to advertise, that grown gentlewomen may be taught to play at whist in the most private and expeditious manner; so that any lady, who never before took a card in hand, may be enabled in a very short time to play a rubber at the most fashionable routs and assemblies.

W

No. LXI. THURSDAY, MARCH 27.

Coelum ipsum petimus stultitia..... Hor.

E'en Heav'n we covet by preposterous rules,
And form t'ourselves a Paradise of Fools.

IT is observed by the French, that a cat, a priest, and an old woman are sufficient to constitute a religious sect in England. So universally, it seems, are learning and genius diffused through this island, that the lowest plebeians are deep casuits in matters of faith as well as politics; and so many and wonderful are the new lights continually breaking in upon us, that we daily make fresh discoveries, and strike out unbeaten paths to future happiness. The above observation of our neighbours is in truth rather too full; for a priest is so far from necessary, that a new species of doctrine would be better received by our old women, and other well disposed good people, from a layman. The most extraordinary tenets of religion are very successfully propagated under the sanction of the leathern apron, instead of the cassock: every corner of the town has a barber, mason, bricklayer,

or some other handicraft teacher; and there are almost as many sects in this metropolis, as there are parish-churches.

As to the old women, since the passions of females are stronger in youth, and their minds weaker in age, than those of the other sex, their readiness in embracing any principles of religion pressed on them with particular earnestness and vehemence, is not very wonderful. They hope, by the most rigid demeanor in the decline of life, to make amends for that unbounded loose given to their passions in their younger years. The same violence, however, commonly accompanies them in religion, as formerly actuated them in their pleasures; and their zeal entirely eats up their charity. They look with a malevolent kind of pity on all who are still employed in worldly undertakings, "carry prayer books in their pockets," and piously damn all their relations and acquaintance with texts of scripture. I know an old gentlewoman of this cast, who has formed herself as a pattern of staid behaviour; and values herself for having given up at three-score the vanities of sixteen. She denounces heavy judgments on all frequenters of public diversions and forebodes the worst consequences from every party of pleasure. I have known her foretell the ruin of her niece from a country-dance: nay, she can perceive irregular desires flaming from a gay coloured top-knot, and has even descried adultery itself lurking beneath the thin veil of a worked apron, or beaming from a diamond girdle-buckle.

But we might perhaps suffer a few good old ladies to go to heaven their own way, if these sects were not pernicious on many other accounts. Such strange doctrines are very apt to unsettle the minds of the common people, who often make an odd transition from infidelity to enthusiasm, and become bigots from arrant free-thinkers. Their faith however, it

may be well imagined, is not a saving faith; i are worked up to an adoration of the Creator the same slavish principle that induces the Ind worship the Devil. It is amazing how strong operates on these weak creatures, and how c canting, whining rascal can mould them to h pose. I have known many a rich tradesman led and threatened out of his subsistence, and h and unhappy family at last lectured into the house. Thus do these vile hypocrites turn convert's head to save his soul; and deprive all happiness in this world, under pretence of se it to him eternally in the next.

Nothing can do religion more injury, thai solemn mockeries of it. Many of these sects almost entirely of battered prostitutes, and per the most infamous character. Reformation i chief pretence: wherefore the most abandonec are, of whom they make proselytes, the mor pride themselves on their conversion. I re ber a debauched young fellow, who pretended den amendment of his principles, in order to his shattered fortune. He turned Methodis soon began to manifest a kind of spiritual fo for a pious sister. He wooed her according directions of the rubric, sent her sermons inst billet-doux, "greeted her with an holy kiss," a tained his mistress by appearing in every re thorough devotee. But alas! the good gent could never be prevailed on to comply with re ordinances, or appear any more at church or ing after the performance of the marriage cere The lowest of the vulgar also, for their par ends, frequently become sectaries. They avail selves of a mock conversion to redeem their lo racters; and, like criminals at Rome, mak church a sanctuary for villainy. By this artific

recommend themselves to the charity of weak but well-meaning christians, and often insinuate themselves as servants into Methodist families.

Le Sage, with his usual humour, represents Gil Blas as wonderfully charmed with the seeming sanctity of Ambrose de Lamela, when he took him into his service; and Gil Blas is even not offended at his remissness the very first night, when his new servant tells him, that it was owing to his attending his devotions: but it soon appears, that this sly valet had been employed in concerting the robbery of his master. A due attention to religion is so rare a quality in all ranks of people, that I am far from blaming it in servants: but when I see their religion shewing itself in laziness, and observe them neglecting their common business under the pretext of performing acts of supererogation, I am apt to question their sincerity, and to take every servant of that kind for a mere St. Ambrose. An old Moravian aunt of mine, of whom I have formerly made worthy mention, would never have any servants, who did not belong to the society of the United Brethren. But so little did the good lady's endeavours, to preserve virtue and a spirit of devotion in her house succeed, that the generality of the men fell into evil courses, and most of the pious sisterhood left the family with big bellies.

I would not be thought to deny my fellow-subjects full liberty of conscience, and all the benefits of the Toleration-Act; yet I cannot help regarding these weak, if not ill-meant divisions from the established church, as a dangerous kind of Free-thinking; not so shocking indeed as the impious avowal of atheism and infidelity, but often attended with the same bad consequences. A religion, founded on madness and enthusiasm, is almost as bad as no religion at all; and what is worst, the unhappy errors of particular sects expose the purest religion in the world to the scoffs

of unbelievers. Shallow witlings exercise their talents for ridicule on matters of religion, and fa to atheism and blasphemy in order to avoid bi and enthusiasm. The absurdities of the sect strengthen them in their ridiculous notions, and duce many other evils, as will appear from the fo ing short history.

In the glorious reign of Queen Elizabeth resided in these kingdoms a worthy lady, c Religion. She was remarkable for the sweetn her temper, which was cheerful without levity grave without moroseness. She was also pa larly decent in her dress, as well as behav and preserved with uncommon mildness the est regularity in her family. Though she noble genius, led a very sober life, and att church constantly every Sunday, yet in those she kept the best company, was greatly ad by the Queen, and was even intimate with most Maids of Honour. What became of her fami not known: but it is very certain, that they at present no connection with the polite world. affirm that the line is extinct: though I have i been told, that the late bishop Berkley, and the p bishops of ..... and ..... are descended from the cipal branches of it, and that some few of the f are resident on small livings in the country.

We are told by a certain fashionable author there were formerly two men in a mad-house ris, one of whom imagined himself the Father the other the Son. In like manner, no sooner di good lady Religion disappear, but she was perso by a crazy old beldam, called Superstition. B cheat was instantly discovered: for, instead o mild discipline, with which her predecessor rule family, she governed entirely by severity, wheels, gibbets, sword, fire and faggot. Inste

cheerfulness, she introduced gloom; was perpetually crossing herself with holy water; and, to avert the terrible judgments of which she was hourly in fear, she compiled a new almanack, in which she wonderfully multiplied the number of red letters. After a miserable life she died melancholy mad, but left a will behind her, in which she bequeathed a very considerable sum to build an hospital for religious lunatics; which I am informed, will speedily be built on the same ground, where the foundery, that celebrated Methodist meeting-house, now stands.

Superstition left behind her a son called Atheism, begot on her by a Moravian teacher at one of their love-feasts. Atheism soon shewed himself to be a most profligate abandoned fellow. He came very early upon town, and was a remarkable blood. Among his other frolicks he commenced author, and is said to have written in concert with lord Bolinbroke. After having squandered a large fortune, he turned gamester, then pimp, and then highwayman; in which last occupation he was soon detected, taken, and thrown into Newgate. He behaved very impudently in the condemned hole, abused the ordinary whenever that gentleman attended him, and encouraged all his fellow-prisoners, in the Newgate phrase, to die hard. When he came to the gallows, instead of the psalm, he sung a bawdy catch, threw away the book, and bid Jack Ketch tuck him up like a gentleman. Many of his relations were present at the execution, and shook their heads, repeating the words of Mat in the Beggar's Opera, "Poor fellow! we are sorry for you; "but it is what we must all come to."

No. LXII. THURSDAY, APRIL 3.

.....Qualem cereris vult esse sacerdos. Juv.

What female though to papal modes they run,
Would brook the life and manners of a nun.

HAVING lately informed my readers, that the Female Parliament is now sitting, I shall proceed to lay before them the substance of a debate that happened in the committee of Religion, and which was unexpectedly occasioned by a motion that was made by Miss Grave-airs. This committee had long been looked upon as useless, but for form sake continued to meet, though it was adjourned immediately: But one day, there being more members present than usual, the chair-woman was no sooner in the chair, than the lady abovementioned addressed her in the following speech:

MADAM,

IT is with no less surprise than concern, that I reflect on the danger, to which the greater part of my sex, either through ignorance or choice, are now exposed; and I have the strongest reason to believe, that nothing but the vigorous and timely resolutions of this wise assembly can prevent them from changing their religion, and becoming Roman Catholics. What subject can be more interesting and important to us, whether we consider ourselves as a Committee of Religion, a Parliament of Women, or an Assembly of Protestants? Was such a design to be carried into execution, the free use of our tongues would be taken away; we should never be suffered perhaps to speak to the other sex, but through grates and bars; and *this place* of our assembly would probably be the *abode of* nuns and friars. But lest you should think

me thus alarmed without reason, I shall now lay before you the grounds of my complaint; that, if it is not too late, we may prevent the evil, or, if it is, we may remove it.

My fears are grounded on those remarks that have long been made on the dress of the sex. Constant as the men have stiled us to the love of change, little have they imagined, that popery was invariably the object, to which every innovation was designed to lead. So long ago as when, to the honour of our sex, a queen was upon the throne, it was the fashion, as we may learn from * Pope, for the ladies to wear upon their breasts a flaming Cross. The same fashion has been transmitted to the present times. What, Madam, is this, but downright popery? In the catholic countries they are contented with erecting crucifixes in their roads and churches; but alas! in this protestant kingdom, crosses are alike to be seen in places sacred and profane, the court, the play-house.....and (pardon me, ladies) this venerable assembly itself is not without them. I am apt to suspect, that this heterodox introduction of the cross into the female dress had an higher original than the days of queen Anne, whose affection for the church was very well known. It seems rather to have been imported among us, together with the Jesuits, by the popish consorts of the first or second Charles: or perhaps the ladies first wore it in complaisance to the English pope Joan, queen Mary. This much is certain, that at the same time our pious reformer queen Elizabeth expelled the cross from our altars, she effectually secured the necks of our ladies from this superstition, by the introduction of the ruff.

* Upon her breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.
Rape of the Lock.

The next part of our dress that I shall mention, which savours of popery, is the capuchin. This garment in truth has a near resemblance to that of the friar, whose name it bears. Our grandmothers had already adopted the hood, their daughters by gradual advance introduced the rest; but far greater improvements were still in store for us. We all of us remember, for it is not above two years ago, how all colours were neglected for that of purple. In purple we glowed from the hat to the shoe; and in such request were the ribbands and silks of that favorite colour, that neither the milliner, mercer, nor dyer himself could answer the demand. Who but must think, that this arose from popish principles? And though it may be urged, that the admired Fanny, who first introduced it, is no nun, yet, you all may remember, that the church of Rome herself has been styled the Scarlet, or, as some render it, the Purple Whore.

But to prove indisputably our manifest approaches to popery, let me now refer you to that fashionable cloak, which (sorry I am to see it) is wore by the far greater part even of this assembly, and which indeed is with great propriety styled the Cardinal. For were his holiness the pope to be introduced among us, he would almost fancy himself in his own conclave; and were I not too well acquainted with my sisters principles, I myself should be induced to think, that to those in such grave attire nothing but a cloyster and a grate was wanting. As to those of gayer colours, you need not be told, that there are white and grey friars abroad as well as black; and as the English are so remarkable for improving on their originals, we shall not then be surprised at the variety of colours that appear among us.

It has been whispered too, that some of my sisters have been so fond of their monkish austerities, as to have their heads shaved. This I do not aver to my

wn knowledge; but if it is so, they still condescend o wear artificial locks: though it would not be at all trange, if they also should soon be laid aside, as they re already prepared for it by leaving off their caps. I hall only desire you still farther to reflect, how fashi-nable it is for the ladies to shine with borrowed faces; nd then I believe you will readily allow, that their otaries, the men, are in great danger also of being educed to popery; since do they not already, by the ompliments they pay to a painted face, address an mage and adore a picture?

What has now been said, will induce you, I hope, to pay a proper regard to the following resolutions; which, I humbly move, may be agreed to by this committee, and represented to the house.

Resolved,

That it is the opinion of this committee, that, in order to prevent the growth of popery, no garments shall for the future be imported, of popish make, or distinguished by popish names.

Resolved,

That in order to inforce a due obedience, every one shall be obliged to practise the austerities of the sect they imitate; so that, for example, the Cardinals shall be compelled to lead a single life, and the Capuchins to go bare-foot.

Lastly,

It is recommended, that as a farther sanction to the bill proposed, every offender, who shall be deemed incorrigible, shall be banished from all routs and transported to her country seat for seven winters.

This motion was strongly seconded by Lady Mend'em; who urged in it's support, that to her certain knowledge, many of the sex very frequently as-

sembled at one another's houses, and p
the Sabbath, where mass books were act
fore them, and the warmest adoration
small pictures or painted images, which,
resembled some kings and queens that l
canonized: and the offerings that wer
made at their shrines, would (she said) b
moderate computation, to exceed those t
merly made at the tomb of Thomas a
added, that after the catholic custom,
fasted on those nights, or, if they suppe
only on fish.

The chief speaker on the other side of
was lady Smart, one of the representativ
nor-Square; who, by the bye, was stron
of being a prejudiced person; her enem
ing that she had charms, which could al
error itself. Nobody, she said, could su
of inclining to popery, who observed the
all discovered to a single life. The us
noxious garments were allowed to be mar
at least were innocent: and the cry again
was sure, could only be raised by the old
since nothing could be so fantastic, as not
pretty woman.

Her ladyship was joined by the beau
but they being few, their objections wer
and the motion was carried. The next c
on receiving the report, after some deba
the resolutions, and a bill was ordered to
and brought in accordingly. Though
time they were of opinion, *nem. con.* the
leaf bill took place, these restrictions wc
needless.

No. LXII. THURSDAY, APRIL 10.

Et nati natorum, et qui nascentur ab illis. VIRG.

From a long line of Grandams draws his blood,
And counts his great great Grandsires from the flood.

To Mr. Town.

SIR, Cambridge, April 4.

IF you are a true sportsman, and have the honour of the turf at heart, you must have observed with the utmost concern, a late account in the news-paper, that "White-Nose died at Doncaster of a mortification in his foot." An article of this nature, and at such a time, must strike a damp on all gentlemen breeders; and for my part I cannot help looking on the present races at New-market, as funeral games in honour of the memory of White-Nose. The death of a stallion of such consequence is a public calamity to all knowing ones in the kingdom; nor does such an accident bring with it the least consolation; especially since it is not the fashion to *pit* the lives of horses, as well as men, against each other.

Italian grey-hounds, Dutch lap-dogs, monkeys, and maccaws, have been honoured with monuments and epitaphs. But a race-horse as much surpasses these insignificant animals, as White-Nose was superior to a pack-horse: and I cannot but think, that an obelisk (with a proper inscription drawn up by Messieurs Heber and Pond) should be erected near Devil's-Ditch or Choak-Jade on New-market Heath, in honour to his memory. With what astonishment might we then read of his powerful deep rate, by which all the horses that ran against him were no-where? With what rapture should we then recount his rapid victo-

ries in the field, (more surprising than
duke of Marlborough) by which he *won*
won Chipping-Norton, *won* Lincoln, *wo*
But, above all, we should admire the
which flowed in his veins, and with re
template the illustrious names of his
great, great grandsires and grandams.
the least flaw in the Blood of White-N
and his epitaph might conclude, in imit
famous one on the Duke of Newcastle'
" that all the sons were remarkable sta
" the daughters excellent breeders."

The pedigree of our race-horses have
preserved with as much care and exac
tree of descent among the family of a Sp
or Polish nobleman; nor does the Welc
greater honour from proving himself th
sin to Cadwallader or Caractacus throug
of David Ap Shenkins, Ap Morgans,
Ap Prices, than the horse by being half
Godolphin Barb, or full cousin by the
the Bloody Shouldered Arabian. The
no less curious in the breed of their ho
the greatest honours to those, that be
Circus hollow. They even erected n
their memory; of which Lypsius gives
ing remarkable instance. *Clarissime la*
Romæ olim vidi et exscripsi. In med
dextra baculum, sinistra fabulum tenet
duo sunt assilientes equi cum gemina inscri
Nepos Aquilonis vicit cxxx. *secundas*
tertias tulit xxxvii....*Altera...Hirpinus, N*
vicit cxiv. *secundas tulit* lvi. *tertias tulit*
itaque ipsum hic Hirpinum, atque adeo ej
lonem. I could wish that the same hono
to our horses: I would at least pro
names, pedigrees, and a list of the plat

torious horses, should be inscribed on the posts of all courses, where they have made themselves famous. These memorials might serve to perpetuate the renown of our racers, and would furnish posterity with a more complete history of the turf than the Sportsman's Calendar.

You will undoubtedly observe, Mr. Town, that in the extract concerning horses, with which I have just presented you from Lypsius, a man is also mentioned; the account of whom would, if modernized, run in the following terms: "In the middle of the monument stood a man with a whip in his right hand, "and a feed of corn in his left." Hence it appears, that the Romans intended to do honour to the charioteer as well as the horses; and it is a pity, that we do not also imitate them in this particular, and pay equal respect to our jockeys. The chariot-race was not more celebrated among the ancients, than the hose-race is at present; and the Circus at Rome never drew together so noble an assembly as the modern course. Nor do I see any reason, why Theron should be more applauded for carrying off the prize at Elis or Pisa, than Tom Marshal for winning the plate at York or New-market. The charioteers of old were, indeed, composed of the greatest princes and persons of the first rank, who prided themselves on their dexterity in managing the reins, and driving their own chariots. In this they have been imitated by several of our modern gentry, who value themselves on being excellent coachmen: and it is with infinite pleasure, that I have lately observed persons of fashion at all races affect the dress and manners of grooms. And as gentlemen, like the ancient charioteers, begin to enter the race themselves, and ride their own horses, it is probable, that we shall soon see the best jockeys among the first of our nobility.

That the encomiums of the horse shoul
quently be enlarged on, without entering
praises of the jockey, is indeed something wo
when we consider how much the beast is u
direction, and that the strength and fleetness
rious or Driver would be of no use without the
honesty of the rider. Large sums have bee
an horse running, accidentally without doub
wrong side of the post; and we knowing-or
Town, have frequently seen great dexterity
nagement exerted, in contriving that one of
horses in the field should be distanced. The jo
indeed, so great a share in the success of
that every man, who has ever betted five p
acquainted with his consequence; and does
to be told, that the victory depends at least
on the rider as the horse.

I cannot help agreeing with lady Pentwea
farce, that "if there was as much care take
"breed of the human species, as there is in th
"and of horses, we should not have so many p
"formed animals as we daily see amon.g
every thorough sportsman very well knows,
much art is required in bringing up a jocke
beast he is to ride. In every respect the s
must be had to keep him in wind; and he m
like manner dieted, put in sweats, and exer
bring him down to a proper weight. Much
upon the size of the man as well as hors
rider of the same dimensions with a grenadi
no more be fit to come upon the turf as a joc
an awkward thing taken out of the shafts o
could ever appear at the starting post as a rac
This is obvious to every one; and I could
smiling at what my landlord at the White B
the other day to a little fellow-commoner of S
(who would fain be thought a knowing one)

of compliment: "My worthy master, said the land-"lord, it is a thousand pities you should be a gowns-"man, when you would have made such a special "post-boy or jockey."

My chief inducement to write to you at present, Mr. Town, was to desire you to use your endeavours to bring the jockey into equal esteem with the animal he bestrides; and to beg that you would promote the settling an established scheme for the preservation of his breed. In order to this I would humbly propose, that a stud for the jockey should be immediately built near the stables at New-market; that their genealogies should be duly registered; that the breed should be crossed as occasion might require, and that the best horsemen, and of the lightest weight, should intermarry with the full sisters of those who had won most plates; and, in a word, the same methods used for the improvement of the jockeys as their horses. I have here sent you the exact pedigree of a famous jockey, taken with all that care just now prescribed: and I doubt not, if my scheme was universally put in execution, but we should excel all other nations in our horsemen, as we already do in our horses.

TO RIDE THIS SEASON,

AN able Jockey, fit to start for match, sweep-stakes, or king's plate; well sized; can mount twelve stone, or strip to a feather; is sound wind and limb, and free from blemishes. He was got by Yorkshire Tom, out of a full sister to Deptford Nan; his dam was got by the noted Matchim Tims; his grandam was the German Princess; and his great grandam was daughter to Flanders Moll. His sire won the king's plate at York and Hambleton, the lady's subscription purse at Nottingham, the give-and-take at Lincoln, and the sweep-stakes at New-market. His grandsire beat

Dick Rogers at Epsom, and Burford, and Pat M'Cutt'em over the Curragh of Kildare. His g grandsire, and great great grandsire, rode for I Charles the Second: and so noble is the blood, w flows in this Jockey's veins, that none of his fa were ever distanced, stood above five feet fiv weighed more than twelve stone.

No. LXIV. THURSDAY, APRIL 17.

Canes legatos misere,.....
Ut sese eriperent hominum contumeliis. PRA

Hounds, pointers, mastiffs, lap-dogs sue for help,
With many a doleful howl, and piteous yelp.

RETURNING the other night from the cc house, where I had just been reading the * Vot found myself on a sudden oppressed by a drowsi that seemed to promise me as sound a repose ir great chair, as my dog already enjoyed by the fire. I willingly indulged it; and had hardly closed my before I fell into the following dream:

Methought the door of my room on a sudden open, and admitted a great variety of dogs of all and sizes, from the mastiff to the lap-dog. I surprised at this appearance; but my amazemen much encreased, when I saw a large grey-houn vancing towards me, and heard him thus addres in an human voice.

* A bill had been brought into parliament, for laying upon dogs.

"You cannot, Sir, be ignorant of the panic that prevails among all our species, on account of a scheme now on foot for our destruction. That slaughter, which was formerly made among the wolves of this land, and in which our ancestors bore so large a share, is now going to be revived amongst us. I for my own part, have no hopes of escaping, as you will easily judge when you hear my case. My master owes his subsistence to his labour, and with his wages can just maintain me and his three children. In return, I now and then afford him a comfortable meal, by killing him a rabbit in the squire's warren, or picking up an hare, on a Sunday morning. The other services I render him, are of equal importance to him, and pleasure to myself. I am his constant companion to the field in the morning, and back again at night: he knows that his cloaths and his wallet are safe in my keeping; and he is sure to be roused on any midnight alarm, when I am in the house.

It is with horror I reflect on the numbers of my relations, who will swing their last, and against whom this law seems, indeed, to be levelled. Is is not enough, that our merits are neglected, and thought inferior to those of a slow-footed race, who inhabit a spacious kennel in the squire's yard, and who are as many hours in killing an hare as we are minutes? Yet they are kept by the great, attended by the noble, and every day treated with horse-flesh; while I live among the poor, am threatened by the rich, and now probably shall be destroyed by public authority.

I cannot deny, but that the favour of the ladies is frequently extended to a small and degenerate race; who though they bear our name, may very properly be styled the fribbles of our species. It is true, they are of foreign extraction, which alone is sufficient merit; and seem, indeed, to be as much preferred by the *beau monde* to our English grey-hounds, as their country-

men in the Hay-market are to our English singers. But though this breed is so diminutive, that I myself have coursed one of them for an hare, yet I will venture to pronounce, that be the tax what it will, not a Fido in the land will be sacrificed to the laws.

Our request to you is to display our merits to the world, and convince mankind of the innocence of our intentions, and the hardships that we already labour under. Though I have enlarged on my own case, I have the honour to address you in the name of all my brethren; such of them, I mean, as think themselves endangered by this scheme for our destruction. At the same time, we desire you to apprize the public of the hazard they may run, by coming to an open rupture; since, in such a case, the mastiffs and the bulldogs are determined to join their forces, and will sell their lives at the dearest rate."

This last resolution was confirmed by a general growl. After which, I was thus accosted by another of the company, of the pointing-breed.

"Little did I think, that the pains I have taken, and the blows I have suffered, to perfect me in the art I profess, would have been thus requited. Having lost the best of masters by an accident from his gun, which I can scarce ever think of without an howl, I have now, like my friend Smoker, the misfortune to live with a poor man. A misfortune I must call it: since, alas! he will not be able to save me from the halter, by paying my ransom. He too, I am afraid, will be reduced to beggary; since, at present, I and his gun are his chief support. If he is deprived of me, and thereby prevented from what the rich maliciously term poaching, his best resource will be to dispatch himself with his gun before he surrenders it, or to hang himself with the same rope that ties up me. When I was a puppy, I was every day fed in the kitchen, and caressed in the parlour: and I have now

a brother, that always points for the best of company. What though our race has been frequently reproached? What though we, together with the spaniels, have been accused, I do not say wrongfully, of crouching to our enemies, and licking the hand that beats us? Is not this every day practised among your species? And is it not countenanced by the greatest examples? In fawning and flattering we are by no means singular; and crouching and cringing are not confined to the brute species.

"I very heartily second the request of my friend; and I doubt not but the arguments you will use in our behalf will be able to divert the storm that threatens us. This you may be assured of, that if my life is spared through your means, it shall be devoted to your service; and you shall sup as often as you please on a brace of birds."

This speech was attended with a bark of applause; and I was next accosted by a lap-dog, who, after dolefully shaking his ears, began the following harangue:

"Though I am aware, that many of my species will remain unhurt by this scheme devised for our destruction, yet I have on my own account, great reason to be alarmed. I was born indeed in a noble family in St. James's Square, but unfortunately was, within these three months, resigned over to my present mistress, an old maid, who has been through her whole life as frugal of her money as her favours. She is, indeed, so very saving, that I have more than once been beat for lapping up her breakfast cream; and it was but last week, that I was severely corrected for devouring a sheep's heart, for which, she had been to market herself. Such a mistress will undoubtedly sacrifice me to this cruel tax; and though you may perhaps imagine, that the loss of life in these circumstances is not much to be regretted, yet death is a terrible remedy, and a living dog is better than a dead

lion. But if some of our species must perish, surely a regard should be had to national merit; and the storm should first fall on those foreign intruders, who by the flatness of their noses, are supposed to be of Dutch extraction. If the ladies also have any regard for the honour of their country, or any love remaining for us, it becomes them to take our case into consideration. And I make no doubt, since the female parliament is now sitting, (if you, Sir, would but draw up a petition in our favour,) as the other sex have taken necessary precautions for the preservation of the game, the ladies would in their turn bring in a bill for the preservation of lap-dogs."

Various were the arguments, that many others used in their own behalf. The mastiff insisted on the protection he afforded us, and the terror he struck into thieves and house-breakers. King Charles's black favourites came fawning upon me, and hoped that their breed might be preserved in deference to the taste of so witty a monarch. I could not help smiling at the argument made use of by a bull-dog from Norfolk; who declared, that he was so instrumental to the mirth of the country, that he firmly believed they would never part with him: but begged at the same time, that if sentence must pass, it might be changed into banishment, and that Spain (where bull-feasts are held in so much honour) might be the place of his transportation.

The eloquence and gesture of my four-footed visitors had such an influence over me, that I was just going to answer them in the manner they could wish; when my own dog on a sudden jumped into my lap, and roused me from my dream.

No. LXV. THURSDAY, APRIL 24.

Nec tamen indignum est, quod vobis cura placendi,
Cum comptos habeant sæcula nostra viros. OVID.

Blame nót the belles, since modern times can shew,
That ape of female foppery, call'd a beau.

To Mr. Town.

SIR,

AS no one has a greater respect for the fair sex than myself, I was highly pleased with a letter inserted some time ago in your paper, ridiculing the detestible use of paint among the ladies. This practice is, indeed, too general; and for my part, when I meet a blooming fresh-coloured face in town, I no more take it for the real face belonging to the lady, than I imagine Queen Anne's portrait delineated on a sign-post to be her Majesty's flesh and blood.

But this fashion is not confined to the ladies. I am ashamed to tell you, that we are indebted to Spanish wool for many of our masculine ruddy complexions. A pretty fellow lackers his pale face with as many varnishes as a fine lady; and it is well known, that late hours at the card-table, amusements at Haddock's, immoderate draughts of Champagne, and sleeping all night upon a bulk, will strip the most healthy complexion of it's roses. Therefore, to repair the loss, they are obliged to substitute the unwholesome disguise of art for the native hue of a vigorous constitution.

I must leave it to you, Mr. Town, or your ingenious correspondent, to enlarge upon this subject; and will only just appeal to the ladies, whether a smooth fair face is a proper recommendation of a man to their favour; and whether they do not look upon those of

the other sex as a contemptible sort of rivals, wh
pire to be thought charming and pretty? As r
females are also conscious, that they themselve
deavour to conceal by art the defects of nature,
are apt to suspect those of our sex, who are so
solicitous to set off their persons: and, indeed, I
it will be found, upon examination, that most o
pretty fellows, who lay on carmine, are painting
ten post.

I am, Sir,
Your humble servant,

W. MA

Many of my readers will, I dare say, be hardly
suaded, that this custom could have ever prevail
a branch of male foppery: But it is too notorious
our fine gentlemen, in several other instances be
the article of paint, affect the softness and delica
the fair sex. The male beauty has his washes,
fumes, and cosmetics; and takes as much pains t
a gloss on his complexion, as the footman in ja
ning his shoes. He has his dressing-room,
(which is still more ridiculous) his toilet too
which he sits as many hours repairing his batt
countenance, as a decayed toast dressing for a b
night. I had once an opportunity of taking a su
of one of these male-toilets; and, as such a curi
may perhaps prove entertaining to my readers, I s
here give a description of it.

Having occasion one morning to wait on a
pretty fellow, I was desired by the valet de cham
to walk into the dressing-room, as his master was
stirring. I was accordingly shewn into a neat l
chamber hung round with Indian paper, and ador
with several little images of pagods and bramins,
vessels of Chelsea china, in which were set varic
coloured sprigs of artificial flowers. But the to

most excited my admiration; where I found every thing was intended to be agreeable to the Chinese taste. A looking-glass, inclosed in a whimsical frame of Chinese paling, stood upon a japan table, over which was spread a coverlid of the finest chints. I could not but observe a number of boxes of different sizes, which were all of them japan, and lay regularly disposed on the table. I had the curiosity to examine the contents of several: in one I found lip-salve, in another a roll of pig tail, and in another the ladies black sticking plaister; but the last which I opened very much surprised me, as I saw nothing in it but a number of little pills. I likewise remarked, on one part of the table, a tooth brush and sponge, with a pot of Delescot's opiate; and on the other side, water for the eyes. In the middle stood a bottle of *Eau de Luce*, and a roll of perfumed pomatum. Almond pastes, powder puffs, hair combs, brushes, nippers, and the like, made up the rest of this fantastic equipage. But among many other whimsies, I could not conceive for what use a very small ivory comb could be designed, till the valet informed me, that it was a comb for the eye-brows.

It must be confessed, that there are some men of so delicate a make and silky constitution, that it is no wonder, if gentlemen of such a lady-like generation have a natural tendency to the refinements and softnesses of females. These tender dear creatures are generally bred up immediately under the wing of their mammas, and scarce fed with any thing less innocent than her milk. They are never permitted to study, lest it should hurt their eyes, and make their heads ache; nor suffered to use any exercises like other boys, lest a fine hand should be spoiled by being used too roughly. While other lads are flogged into the five declensions, and at length lashed through a whole school, these pretty masters are kept at home

to improve in whipt-syllabubs, pastry, and face-painting. In consequence of which, when other young fellows begin to appear like men, these dainty creatures come into the world with all the accomplishments of a lady's woman.

But if the common foibles of the female world are ridiculous even in these equivocal half-men, these neuter somethings between male and female, how awkwardly must they sit upon the more robust and masculine part of mankind? What indeed can be more absurd, than to see an huge fellow with the make of a porter, and fit to mount the stage as champion at Broughton's amphitheatre, sitting to varnish his broad face with paint and Benjamin-wa For my part, I never see a great looby aiming at *catesse*, but he seems as strange and uncouth a fig as Achilles in petticoats. This folly is also to be ticularly condemned, when it appears in the mor lemn characters of life, to which a gravity of ap ance is essential; and in which the least mark of pery seems as improper as a physician would ridiculous prescribing in a bag-wig, or a se pleading in the court of common pleas in his ow instead of a night-cap perriwig. As I think stance or two of this kind would shew this folly the most striking light, I shall here subjoin two c acters; in whom, as it is most improper, it will quently appear most ridiculous.

John Hardman is upwards of six feet high, and stout enough to beat two of the sturdiest chairmen, that ever came out of Ireland. Nature indeed, seems to have intended John himself to carry a chair: but fortune has enabled him to appear in whatever character he likes best; and he has wisely discovered that none will sit so easy on him as that of a pretty fellow. It is therefore his study to new-mould his face and person. He throws his goggle eyes into leers, languishes,

and ogles; and endeavours to draw up his hideous mouth, which extends from one ear to the other, into a simper. His voice, which is naturally of a deeper bass than an hurdy-gurdy, is in a manner set to a new tune; and his speech, which is very much tinctured with the broad dialect of a particular county, is delivered with so much nicety and gentleness, that every word is minced and clipt, in order to appear soft and delicate. When he walks, he endeavours to move his unwieldy figure along in the pert trip, or easy shambling pace of our pretty fellows: and he commonly carries a thin jemmy stick in his hand, which naturally reminds us of Hercules with a distaff.

The Reverend Mr. Jessamy, (who took orders, only because there was a good living in the family) is known among the ladies by the name of the beau-parson. He is indeed the most delicate creature imaginable, and differs so much from the generality of the clergy, that I believe the very sight of a plumb-pudding would make him swoon. Out of his canonicals, his constant dress is what they call parson's-blue lined with white, a black sattin waistcoat, velvet breeches, and silk stockings. His pumps are of dog-skin, made by Tull; and it is said, that he had a joint of one of his toes cut off, whose length, being out of all proportion, prevented his having an handsome foot. His very grizzle is scarce orthodox: for, though it would be open schism to wear a bag, yet his wig has always a bag-front, and is properly cropt behind, that it may not eclipse the lustre of his diamond stock-buckle. He cannot bear the thoughts of being sea-sick; or else he declares he would certainly go abroad, where he might again resume his laced cloaths, and appear like a gentleman in a bag-wig and sword.

T

No. LXVI. THURSDAY, MAY 1.

Detrahere et pellem, nitidus qua quisque per ora
Cederet..... ..... Hor.

Where all, their beauties to full view display'd,
May undisguis'd appear in masquerade.

AMONG the many exotic diversions that have been transplanted into this country, there is no one more cultivated, or which seems to have taken deeper root among us, than that modest and rational entertainment the masquerade. This, as well as the opera, is originally of Italian growth, and was brought over hither by the celebrated Heideger; who, on both accounts, justly acquired among his own countrymen the honourable title of *Sur-Intendant des Plaisirs d'Angleterre.*

I have called the masquerade a modest and rational entertainment. As to the first, no one can have the least scruple about it's innocence, if he considers that it is always made a part of the education of our polite females; and that the most virtuous woman is not ashamed to appear there. If it be objected, that a lady is exposed to hear many indecencies from the men, (as the mask gives them a privilege to say any thing, though ever so rude) it may be answered, that no lady is obliged to take the affront to herself; because, as she goes disguised, the indignity is not offered to her in her own proper person. Besides, according to Dryden,

She cannot blush, because they cannot see.

As to the rationality of this entertainment, every one will agree with me, that these midnight orgies are full as rational as sitting up all night at the card table. Nor

s it more strange, that five or six hundred people should meet together in disguises purposely to conceal themselves, than that the same number should assemble at a rout, where most of the company are wholly unacquainted with each other.

But we can never enough admire the wit and humour of these meetings; which chiefly consists in exhibiting the most fantastic appearances, that the most whimsical imagination can possibly devise. A common person may be content with appearing as a Chinese, a Turk, or a Friar: but the true genius will ransack earth, air, and seas, reconcile contradictions, and call in things inanimate, as well as animate, to his assistance; and the more extravagant and out of nature his dress can be contrived, the higher is the joke. I remember one gentleman about six foot high, who came to the masquerade drest like a child in a white frock and leading-strings, attended by another gentleman of a very low stature, who officiated as his nurse. The same witty spark took it into his head at another time to personate fame, and was stuck all over with peacock's feathers by way of eyes: but when he came to fasten on his wings, they were spread to so enormous a length, that no coach or chair was spacious enough to admit him, so that he was forced to be conveyed along the streets on a chairman's horse, covered with a blanket. Another gentleman, of no less humour, very much surprised the company by carrying a thatched house about him, so contrived, that no part of him could be seen, except his face, which was looking out of the casement: but this joke had like to have cost him dear, as another wag was going to set fire to the building, because he found by the leaden policy affixed to the front, that the tenement was insured. In a word, dogs, monkeys, ostriches, and all kinds of monsters, are as frequently to be met with at the masquerade, as in the Covent-Garden Pantomimes; and

I once saw with great delight a gentl
sonated one of Bay's recruits, prance a
hobby-horse, with a dancing bear for h

I have said before, that the masquer
extraction, and imported to us from a
the English, though slow at invention,
for improving on what has already be
is no wonder that we should attempt t
gusto of this entertainment, and even
the licence of a foreign carnival. The
too insipid in our fine gentlemen stalk
minos; and it is rather cruel to eclipse
of our fine ladies with hideous masks;
son it has been judged requisite to con
rade upon a new plan, and in an entire
all remember, when (a few years ag
lady endeavoured to introduce a new s
querade among us, by lopping off the
dress; and she herself first set the exa
ping to the character of Iphigenia und
crifice. I must own it is a matter of s
me considering the propensity of our n
get rid of their cloaths, that other Iph
immediately start up; and that nuns an
be suffered ever after to be seen amo
But this project, it seems, was not t
ripe for execution, as a certain aukwa
bashfulness, had not yet been banished f
world; and to the present enlightene
served the honour of introducing, how
tory the term may seem, a naked mas

What the above-mentioned lady ha
to attempt alone, will (I am assured) b
our persons of fashion, as soon as the
in. Ranelagh is the place pitched
meeting; where it is proposed to hav
Al Fresco, and the whole company to

arms *in puris naturalibus.* The Pantheon of the eathen gods, Ovid's metamorphoses, and Titian's rints, will supply them with a sufficient variety of unrest characters. One set of ladies, I am told, intend o personate water-nymphs bathing in the canal: hree sisters, celebrated for their charms, design to ppear together as the three graces: And a certain ady of quality, who most resembles the goddess of eauty, is now practising, from a model of the noted tatue of Venus de Medicis, the most striking attitude or that character. As to the gentlemen, they may nost of them represent very suitably the half-brutal orms of satyrs, pans, fauns, and centaurs: our beaux nay assume the semblance of the beardless Apollo, or which would be more natural) may admire themelves in the person of Narcissus; and our bucks night act quite in character, by running about stark-naked with their mistresses, and committing the madlest freaks, like the priests and priestesses of Bacchus celebrating the bacchanalian mysteries.

If this scheme for the naked masquerade should meet with encouragement, (as there is no doubt but t must) it is proposed to improve it still further. Persons of fashion cannot but lament, that there are no diversions allotted to Sunday, except the card-table; and they can never enough regret, that the Sunday evening tea-drinkings at Ranelagh were laid aside, from a superstitious regard to religion. They, therefore, intend to have a particular sort of masquerade on that day; in which they may shew their taste, by ridiculing all the old womens tales contained in that dle book of fables, the bible, while the vulgar are devoutly attending to them at church. This, indeed, is not without a parallel: We have already had an instance of an Eve; and by borrowing the serpent in Orpheus and Eurydice, we might have the whole story of the fall of man exhibited in masquerade.

It must, indeed, be acknowledged, that this project has already taken place among the lowest of the people, who seem to have been the first contrivers of a naked masquerade: and last summer I remember an article in the newspapers, that "several persons of both "sexes were assembled naked at Pimlico, and being "carried before a magistrate, were sent to Bridewell." This, indeed, is too refined a pleasure to be allowed the vulgar; and every body will agree with me, that the same act, which at the green lamps or Pimlico appears low and criminal, may be extremely polite and commendable in the Haymarket or at Ranelagh.

No. LXVII. THURSDAY, MAY 8.

O imitatores, servum pecus !..... HOR.

Dull imitators! like the servile hack,
Still slowly plodding in the beaten track.

To Mr. Town.

SIR,

BAYES in the Rehearsal frequently boasts it as his chief excellence, that he treads on no man's heels, that he scorns to follow the steps of others; and when he is asked the reason of inserting any absurdity in his play, he answers, "because it is new." The poets of the present time run into the contrary error: they are so far from endeavouring to elevate and surprise by any thing original, that their whole business is imitation; and they jingle their bells in the same road with those that went before them, with all the dull exactness of a pack-horse.

The generality of our writers wait until a new walk is pointed out to them by some leading genius; when it immediately becomes so hackneyed and beaten, that an author of credit is almost ashamed to appear in it among such bad company. No sooner does one man of parts succeed in any particular mode of writing, but he is followed by a thousand dunces. A good elegy makes the little scribblers direct their whole bent to subjects of grief; and, for a whole winter, the press groans with melancholy. One novel of reputation fills all the garrets of Grub-street with reams of histories and adventures, where volume is spun out after volume, without the least wit, humour, or incident. In a word, as Bayes obviated all objections to his nonsense by saying "it was new," if a modern writer was asked why he chose any particular manner of writing, he might reply, "because it is the fashion."

True genius will not give into such idle extravagant flights of imagination as Bayes; it will not turn funerals into banquets, or introduce armies in disguise; but still it will not confine itself to the narrow track of imitation. I cannot help thinking, that it is more owing to this servile spirit in the authors of the present times, than to their want of abilities, that we cannot now boast a set of eminent writers: and it is worthy observation, that, whenever any age has been distinguished by a great number of excellent authors, they have most of them cultivated different branches of poetry from each other. This was the case in the age of Augustus, as appears from the works of Virgil, Horace, Ovid, &c. And to come down as late as possible, this is evident from our last famous set of authors, who flourished in the beginning of this century. We admire Swift, Pope, Gay, Bolingbroke, Addison, &c. but we admire each for his particular beauties separate and distinguished from the rest.

These loose thoughts were thrown together merely to introduce the following little poem, which I think deserves the attention of the public. It was written by a very ingenious gentleman, as a letter to a friend, who was about to publish a volume of miscellanies; and contains all that original spirit which it so elegantly recommends.

To * * * *

SINCE now, all scruples cast away,
Your works are rising into day,
Forgive, though I presume to send
This honest counsel of a friend.
Let not your verse, as verse now goes,
Be a strange kind of measur'd prose;
Nor let your prose, which sure is worse,
Want nought but measure to be verse.

Write from your own imagination,
Nor curb your muse by imitation:
For copies shew, howe'er exprest,
A barren genius at the best.

.....But imitation's all the mode.....
Yet where one hits, ten miss the road.

The mimic bard with pleasure sees
Mat. Prior's unaffected ease;
Assumes his style, affects a story,
Sets every circumstance before ye,
The day, the hour, the name, the dwelling,
And "mars a curious tale in telling;"
Observes how *easy* Prior flows,
Then runs his numbers down to prose.

Others have sought the filthy stews,
To find a dirty slip-shod muse.
Their groping genius, while it rakes
The bogs, the common-sew'rs, and jakes,
Ordure and filth in rhyme exposes,
Disgustful to our eyes and noses;
With many a.....dash that must offend us,
And much * * * *
* * * * * * *
* * * *Hiatus* non *deflendus.*
O Swift! how would's't thou blush to see,
Such are the bards who copy thee?

This, Milton for his plan will chuse,
Wherein resembling Milton's muse;
Milton, like thunder, rolls along
In all the majesty of song:
While his low mimics meanly creep,
Not quite awake, nor quite asleep:
Or, if their thunder chance to roll,
'Tis thunder of the mustard-bowl.
The stiff expression, phrases strange,
The epithet's preposterous change,
Forc'd numbers, rough and unpolite,
Such as the judging ear affright,
Stop in mid verse. Ye mimics vile!
Is't thus ye copy Milton's style?
His faults religiously ye trace,
But borrow not a single grace.
How few, say whence can it proceed?
Who copy Milton, e'er succeed!
But all their labours are in vain;
And wherefore so? The reason's plain.
Take it for granted, 'tis by those
Milton's the model mostly chose,
Who can't write verse, and won't write prose.

Others, who aim at fancy, chuse
To woo the gentle Spenser's muse.
This poet fixes for his theme
An allegory, or a dream;
Fiction and truth together joins
Through a long waste of flimzy lines;

Fondly believes his fancy glows,
And image upon image grows;
Thinks his strong muse takes wond'rous flights
Whene'er she sings of *peerless wights*,
Of *dens*, of *palfreys*, *spells* and *knights*:
'Till allegory (Spenser's veil
T' instruct and please in moral tale)
With him's no veil the truth to shroud,
But one impenetrable cloud.

Others, more daring, fix their hope
On rivalling the fame of Pope.
Satyr's the word, against the times.....
These catch the cadence of his rhymes,
And borne from earth by Pope's strong wings,
Their muse aspires, and boldly flings
Her dirt up in the face of kings
In these the spleen of Pope we find;
But where the greatness of his mind?
His numbers are their whole pretence,
Mere strangers to his manly sense.

Some few, the fav'rites of the muse,
Whom with her kindest eye she views;
Round whom Apollo's brightest rays
Shine forth with undiminish'd blaze;
Some few, my friend, have sweetly trod
In imitation's dangerous road.
Long as *Tobacco's* mild perfume
Shall scent each happy curate's room;
Oft as in elbow chair he smokes,
And quaffs his ale, and cracks his jokes;
So long, O * Brown, shall last thy praise,
Crown'd with *Tobacco-leaf* for bays;
And whosoe'er thy verse shall see,
Shall fill another pipe to thee.

* Isaac Hawkins Brown, Esq; author of a piece c *Pipe of Tobacco*, a most excellent imitation of six authors.

No. LXVIII. THURSDAY, MAY 15.

.....Nunc et campus, et areæ,
Lenesque sub noctem susurri
Composita repetantur hora. Hor.

Now Venus in Vaux-Hall her altar rears,
While fiddles drown the music of the spheres:
Now girls hum out their loves to ev'ry tree,
"Young jockey is the lad, the lad for me."

THE various seasons of the year produce not greater alteration in the face of nature, than in the olite manner of passing our time. The diversions : winter and summer are as different as the dog-days id those of Christmas; nor do I know any genteel musement, except gaming, that prevails during the hole year. As the long days are now coming on, ie theatrical gentry, who contributed to dissipate the loom of our winter evenings, begin to divide them-:lves into strolling companies; and are packing up ieir tragedy wardrobes, together with a sufficient uantity of thunder and lightning, for the delight and nazement of the country. In the mean time, the :veral public gardens near this metropolis are trim-ning their trees, levelling their walks, and burnishing ieir lamps, for our reception. At Vauxhall the ar-ficial ruins are repaired; the cascade is made to pout with several additional streams of block-tin; and ney have touched up all the pictures, which were da-naged last season by the fingering of those curious connoisseurs, who could not be satisfied without feel-ng whether the figures were alive. The magazine t Cuper's, I am told, is furnished with an extraordi-ary supply of gun-powder, to be shot off in squibs nd sky-rockets, or whirled away in blazing suns and atharine wheels: and it is not to be doubted, in case

of a war, but that Neptune and all his Tritons will assist the British navy; and as we before took Porto-Bello and Cape Breton, we shall now gain new victories over the French fleet every night, upon that canal.

Happy are they, who can muster up sufficient, at least to hire tickets at the door, once or twice in a season! not that these pleasures are confined to the rich and the great only: for the lower sort of people have their Ranelaghs and their Vauxhalls, as well as the quality. Perrot's inimitable grotto may be seen for only calling for a pot of beer; and the royal diversion of duck-hunting may be had into the bargain, together with a decanter of Dorchester, for your six-pence at Jenny's whim. Every skittle-alley half a mile out of town is embellished with green arbours and shady retreats: where the company is generally entertained with the melodious scrapings of a blind fidler. And who can resist the luscious temptation of a fine juicy ham, or a delicious buttock of beef stuffed with parsley, accompanied with a foaming decanter of sparkling home-brewed, which is so invitingly painted at the entrance of almost every village ale-house?

Our northern climate will not, indeed, allow us to indulge ourselves in all those pleasures of a garden, which are so feelingly described by our poets. We dare not lay ourselves on the damp ground in shady groves, or by the purling stream; but are obliged to fortify our inside against the cold by good substantial eating and drinking. For this reason, the extreme costliness of the provisions at our public gardens has been grievously complained of by those gentry, to whom a supper at these places is as necessary a part of the entertainment, as the singing or the fire-works. Poor Mr. John sees with an heavy heart the profits of a whole week's card-money, devoured in tarts and cheese-cakes, by Mrs. House-keeper or my Lady's

own woman; and the substantial cit, who comes from behind the counter two or three evenings in the summer, can never enough regret the thin wafer-like slices of beef and ham, that taste of nothing but the knife.

I was greatly diverted last Saturday evening at Vauxhall with the shrewd remarks made on this very head by an honest citizen, whose wife and two daughters had, I found, prevailed on him to carry them to the garden. As I thought there was something curious in their behaviour, I went into the next box to them, where I had an opportunity of seeing and overhearing every thing that passed.

After some talk...." Come, come, (said the old don) " it is high time I think to go to supper." To this, the ladies readily assented; and one of the misses said, " Do let us have a chick, papa." " Zounds (said the " father) they are half-a-crown a-piece, and no bigger " than a sparrow." Here the old lady took him up.... " You are so stingy, Mr. Rose, there is no bearing " you. When one is out upon pleasure, I love to " appear like somebody: and what signifies a few " shillings once and away, when a body is about it?" This reproof so effectually silenced the old man, that the youngest miss had the courage to put in a word for some ham likewise. Accordingly the waiter was called, and dispatched by the old lady with an order for a chicken and a plate of ham. When it was brought, our honest cit twirled the dish about three or four times, and surveyed it with a very settled countenance; then taking up the slice of ham, and dangling it to and fro on the end of his fork, asked the waiter, " how much there was of it?" " A shilling's worth, Sir," said the fellow....." Prithee, said the don, how " much dost think it weighs?.....An ounce?.....A " shilling an ounce! that is sixteen shillings per " pound!....A reasonable profit, truely!....Let me see

" .....suppose now the whole ham weighs thirty " pounds:....At a shilling per ounce, that is sixteen " shillings per pound, why your master makes exact- " ly twenty-four pounds of every ham; and if he buys " them at the best hand, and salts them and cures " them himself, they don't stand him in ten shillings " a-piece." The old lady bade him hold his nonsense, declared herself ashamed for him, and asked him if people must not live: then taking a coloured handkerchief from her own neck, she tucked it into his shirt-collar, (whence it hung like a bib) and helped him to a leg of the chicken. The old gentleman, at every bit he put into his mouth, amused himself with saying...." There goes two-pence....there goes three- " pence....there goes a groat....Zounds! a man at " these places should not have a swallow so wide as " a tom tit."

This scanty repast, we may imagine, was soon dispatched; and it was with much difficulty our citizen was prevailed on to suffer a plate of beef to be ordered. This too was no less admired, and underwent the same comments with the ham. At length, when only a very small bit was left, as they say, for manners in the dish, our don took a piece of an old news-paper out of his pocket, and gravely wrapping up the meat in it, placed it carefully in his letter-case. " I'll keep " thee as a curiosity to my dying-day; and I'll shew " thee to my neighbour Horseman, and ask him if he " can make as much of his steaks." Then rubbing his hands, and shrugging up his shoulders...." Why now " (says he) to-morrow night I may eat as much cold " beef as I can stuff, in any tavern in London, and pay " nothing for it." A dish of tarts, cheese-cakes, and custards next made their appearance at the request of the young ladies, who paid no sort of regard to the father's remonstrance, " that they were four times as " dear as at the pastry cooks."

Supper being ended, madam put her spouse in mind to call for wine....“ We must have some wine, “ my dear, or we shall not be looked upon, you know.” “ Well, well, said the don, that's right enough. But “ do they sell their liquor too by the ounce?....Here, “ drawer, what wine have you got?” The fellow, who by this time began to smoke his guests, answered....“ We have exceeding good French wine of all sorts, and please your honour. Would your honour have a bottle of Champagne, or Burgundy, or Claret, or.....” “ No, no, none of your wishy washy out- “ landish rot-gut for me: interrupted the citizen....A “ tankard of the Alderman beats all the red Claret “ wine in the French king's cellar....But come, bring “ us a bottle of sound old Port: and d'ye hear? let it “ be good.”

While the waiter was gone, the good man most sadly lamented that he could not have his pipe; which the wife would by no means allow, “ because (she “ said) it was ungenteel to smoke where any ladies “ were in company.” When the wine came, our citizen gravely took up the bottle, and holding it above his head, “ Aye, aye, said he, the bottom has had a “ good kick.....And mind how confoundedly it is “ pinched on the sides....Not above five gills, I war- “ rant....An old soldier at the Jerusalem would beat “ two of them....But let us see how it is brewed.” He then poured out a glass; and after holding it up before the candle, smelling to it, sipping it twice or thrice, and smacking his lips, drank it off: but declaring that second thoughts were best, he filled another bumper; and tossing that off, after some pause, with a very important air, ventured to pronounce it drinkable. The ladies having also drank a glass round, affirmed that it was very good, and felt warm in the stomach: and even the old gentleman relaxed into such good humour by the time the bottle was

emptied, that out of his own free will and motion, he most generously called for another pint, but charged the waiter "to pick out an honest one."

While the glass was thus circulating, the family amused themselves with making observations on the garden. The citizen expressed his wonder at the number of lamps, and said it must cost a great deal of money every night to light them all: the eldest miss declared, that for her part she liked the dark walk best of all, because it was *sedentary*: little miss thought the last song mighty pretty, and said she would buy it, if she could but carry home the tune: and the old lady observed, that there was a great deal of good company indeed; but the gentlemen were so rude, that they perfectly put her out of countenance by staring at her through their spy-glasses. In a word, the tarts, the cheese-cakes, the beef, the chicken, the ounce of ham, and every thing seemed to have been quite forgot, until the dismal moment approached, when the reckoning was called for. As this solemn business concerns only the gentlemen, the ladies kept a profound silence; and when the terrible account was brought, they left the pay-master undisturbed, to enjoy the misery by himself: only the old lady had the hardiness to squint at the sum total, and declared "it was pretty reasonable considering."

Our citizen bore his misfortunes with a tolerable degree of patience. He shook his head as he run over every article, and swore he would never buy meat by the ounce again. At length, when he had carefully summed up every figure, he bade the drawer bring change for six-pence: then pulling out a leathern purse from a snug pocket, in the inside of his waistcoat, he drew out slowly, piece by piece, thirteen shillings; which he regularly placed in two rows upon the table. When the change was brought, after counting it very carefully, he laid down four half-pence in

the same exact order, then calling the waiter..... "There, says he, there's your damage....thirteen and "two-pence....And hearkye, there's three pence over "for yourself." The remaining penny he put into his coat pocket, and chinking it, "This, says he, will "serve me to-morrow to buy a paper of tobacco."

The family now prepared themselves for going; and as there were some slight drops of rain, madam buttoned up the old gentleman's coat, that he might not spoil his laced waistcoat; and made him flap his hat, over which he tied his pocket handkerchief, to save his wig: and as the coat itself (she said) had never been worn but three Sundays, she even parted with her own cardinal, and spread it the wrong side out over his shoulders. In these accoutrements he sallied forth, accompanied by his wife, with her upper petticoat thrown over her head, and his daughters with the skirts of their gowns turned up, and their heads muffled up in coloured handkerchiefs. I followed them quite out of the garden: and as they were waiting for their hack to draw up, the youngest miss asked, "When shall we come again, papa?" "Come "again! (said he) what a pox would you ruin me? "Once in one's life is enough; and I think I have "done very handsome. Why it would not have cost "me above four-pence half-penny to have spent my "evening at Sot's Hole: and what with the coach-"hire and all together, here's almost a pound gone, "and nothing to shew for it." "Fye, Mr. Rose, I "am quite ashamed for you, (replies the old lady). "You are always grudging me and your girls the "least bit of pleasure, and you cannot help grumb-"ling, if we do but go to Little Hornsey to drink tea. "I am sure, now they are women grown up, they "ought to see a little of the world....and they shall." The old don was not willing to pursue the argument any further, and the coach coming up, he was glad to

put an end to the dispute by saying...." Come, come, " let us make haste, wife; or we shall not get home " time enough to have my best wig combed out a- " gain.....and to-morrow, you know, is Sunday."
W

No. LXIX. THURSDAY, MAY 22.

Dignior est vestro nulla puella choro. TIBULL.

Behold a train of female wits aspire,
With men to mingle in the muse's choir.

IN a visit which I paid the other day to a lady of great sense and taste, I was agreeably surprised by having two little volumes put into my hands, which have been lately published under the title of " Poems " by Eminent Ladies." These voulmes are, indeed, (as the author of the preface has remarked) " the " most solid compliment that can possibly be paid to the fair sex." I never imagined, that our nation could boast so many excellent poetesses, (whose works are an honour to their country) as were here collected together: and it is with the highest satisfaction I can assure my female readers in particular, that I have found a great number of very elegant pieces among the compositions of these ladies, which cannot be surpassed (I had almost said, equalled) by the most celebrated of our male-writers.

The pleasure which I received from reading these poems, made such an impression on my mind, that at night, as soon as I fell asleep, my fancy presented to me the following dream. I was transported, I know *not how*, to the regions of Parnassus, and found my-

the court of Apollo, surrounded by a great num-
our most eminent poets. A cause of the utmost
tance was then depending; and the debate was,
ier the English ladies, who had distinguished
ielves in poetry, should be allowed to hold the
rank, and have the same honours paid them,
the men. As the moderns were not permitted
ad in their own suit, Juvenal was retained on the
f the male poets, and Sappho undertook the de-
of the other sex. The Roman satirist, in his speech
bar, inveighed bitterly against women in general,
articularly exclaimed against their dabbling in li-
re: but when Sappho came to set forth the pre-
ns, which the ladies justly had to poetry, and
ally in love affairs, Apollo could no longer re-
ie importunity of the Muses in favour of their
ex. He therefore decreed, that all those females,
hought themselves able to manage Pegasus,
l immediately shew their skill and dexterity in
him.

;asus was accordingly brought out of the stable,
e Muses furnished him with a side-saddle. All
dies, who had courage enough to venture on his
were prepared to mount: but as a great dis-
irose among some of the competitors about pre-
cy, (each of them claiming a right to ride first)
at length agreed, that they should get into the
according to seniority.

on this a lady advanced; who, though she had
hing rather extravagant in her air and deport-
yet had a noble presence, that commanded at
we and admiration. She was dressed in an old-
ned habit, very fantastic, and trimmed with bu-
id points; such as was worn in the time of king
es the First. This lady, I was informed was the
ss of Newcastle. When she came to mount,
rung into the saddle with surprising agility;

and giving an entire loose to the reins, Pegasus directly set up a gallop and ran away with her quite out of sight. However, it was acknowledged, that she kept a firm seat, even when the horse went at his deepest rate; and that she wanted nothing but to ride with a curb-bridle. When she came to dismount, Shakspeare and Milton very kindly offered their hand to help her down, which she accepted. Then Euterpe came up to her with a smile, and begged her to repeat those beautiful lines against melancholy, which (she said) were so extremely picturesque. The duchess, with a most pleasing air immediately began.....

* Dull Melancholy.....
She'll make you start at ev'ry noise you hear,
And visions strange shall to your eyes appear.
Her voice is low, and gives an hollow sound;
She hates the light, and is in darkness found;
Or sits by blinking lamps, or tapers small,
Which various shadows make against the wall.
She loves nought else but noise which discord makes;
As croaking frogs, whose dwelling is in lakes;
The raven hoarse, the mandrake's hollow groan;
And shrieking owls, that fly i'th' night alone;
The tolling bell, which for the dead rings out;
A mill, where rushing waters run about.
She loves to walk in the still moon-shine night,
And in a thick dark grove she takes delight:
In hollow caves, thatch'd houses, and low cells,
She loves to live, and there alone she dwells.
There leave her to herself alone to dwell,
While you and I in mirth and pleasure swell.

All the while that these lines were repeating, Milton seemed very attentive; and it was whispered by some, that he was obliged for many of the thoughts in

* Poems by Eminent Ladies, Vol. II. Page 200.

L'Allegro and Il Penseroso to this lady's * Dia-
ue between Mirth and Melancholy.

The celebrated Orinda, Mrs. Catherine Philips,
s next placed in the saddle, amid the shouts and
plauses of the lords Roscommon and Orrery, Cow-
, and other famous wits of her time. Her dress
s simple, though of a very elegant make: it had no
ofuse ornaments, and approached very near to the
t and fashion of the present age. Though she
ver ventured beyond a canter or a hand-gallop, she
ade Pegasus do his paces with so much ease and
actness, that Waller himself owned he could ne-
r bring him under so much command. After her,
rs. Killigrew, assisted by Dryden, and several other
lies of that age took their turns to ride: and every
e agreed, that (making some allowances for their
x) they could not be excelled by the most expe-
enced riders among the men.

A bold masculine figure now pushed forward in a
in, airy, gay habit, which hung so loose about her,
at she appeared to be half undrest. When she
me up to Pegasus, she clapped her hand upon the
de-saddle, and with a spring leaped across it, saying,
at she would never ride him but astride. She made
e poor beast frisk, and caper, and curvet, and play
thousand tricks: while she herself was quite uncon-
erned, though she shewed her legs at every motion
f the horse, and many of the Muses turned their
eads aside blushing. Thalia, indeed, was a good
eal pleased with her frolicks; and Erato declared,
hat next to her favourite Sappho she would always
refer this lady. Upon enquiring her name, I found
er to be the free-spirited Mrs. Behn. When she
as to dismount, Lord Rochester came up, and caught

* Poems by Eminent Ladies, Vol. II. Page 199. N. B
This Lady, it is supposed, wrote before Milton.

her in his arms: and repeating part of her †Ode to Desire.

.....To a myrtle bower
He led her nothing loth. MILTON.

I had now the pleasure to see many ladies of our own times, whose names I was very well acquainted with, advance towards Pegasus. Among the rest, I could not but wonder at the astonishing dexterity, with which the admired Mrs. Leapor of Brackley guided the horse, though she had not the least assistance from any body. Mrs. Barber of Ireland was assisted in getting upon the saddle by Swift himself, who even condescended to hold the stirrup while she mounted. Under the Dean's direction she made the horse to pace and amble very prettily: notwithstanding which some declared, that she was not equal to her friend and country-woman Mrs. Grierson.

Another lady, a native of the same kingdom, then briskly stepped up to Pegasus; and despising the weak efforts of her husband to prevent her, she boldly jumped into the saddle, and whipping and cutting, rode away furiously helter skelter over hedge and ditch, and trampled on every body who came in her road. She took particular delight in driving the poor horse, who kicked and winced all the while, into the most filthy places; where she made him fling about the dirt and mire, with which she bespattered almost every one that came near her. Sometimes, however, she would put a stop to this mad career; and then she plainly convinced us, that she knew as well how to manage Pegasus as any of the females who had tried before her. Being told that this lady was no other than the celebrated biographer of her own actions, Mrs. Pilkington, I had the curiosity to take a

† Poems by Eminent Ladies, Vol. I. Page 167.

nearer view of her; when stepping up towards her, and offering my assistance to help her down, methought she returned my civility with such an uncourteous slap on the face, that (though I awaked at the instant) I could not help fancying for some time, that I felt my cheek tingle with the blow.

W

No. LXX. THURSDAY, MAY 29.

....Causam hanc justam esse in animum inducite,
Ut aliqua pars laboris minuatur mihi. TER.

Write, correspondents, write, whene'er you will,
'Twill save me trouble, and my paper fill.

MY publisher having acquainted me, that he intends to close the volume with this number, I shall take the opportunity to throw together several letters, which I have received in the course of this work, and to balance with all my correspondents: at the same time assuring them, that I shall be very glad to open a fresh account with them in my next volume.

In the infancy of this undertaking, I was honoured with the following very kind billet, from a brother of the quill: the terms of which I am sorry it was not in my power to comply with.

Dear Sir,

I CAN be of great assistance to you, if you want any help. I will write for you every other week, or oftener if you chuse it. As a specimen of my powers,

I have sent you an essay, which is at your service. It is short, but a very good one.

Your's at command,

T. TURNPENNY.

P. S. Please to send by the bearer a guinea.

The contents of the postscript I naturally referred to the consideration of my publisher, who consequently had a right to determine on the goodness of my friend's essay; but, whatever was the reason, I heard no more of it. The commerce between bookseller and author is, indeed, of very great service, especially to the latter: for, though I myself must undoubtedly be excepted out of the number, yet it must be confessed, that the most famous wits have owed their support to this pecuniary intercourse. Meat and drink, and the other conveniences of life, are as necessary to an author, as pen, ink, and paper; and I remember to have seen, in the possession of Mr. Tonson, a curious manuscript of the great Dryden himself, wherein he petitions his bookseller to advance a sum of money to his taylor.

The next letter comes likewise from an author, who complains of an evil, which does not, indeed, often affect many of our fraternity; I mean, the custom of giving money to servants.

Dear Mr. Town,

I HAVE been happy all this winter in having the run of a nobleman's table, who was pleased to patronize a work of mine, and to which he allowed me the honour of prefixing his name in a dedication. We geniuses have a spirit, you know, far beyond our pockets: and, (besides the extraordinary expence of new cloaths to appear decent) I assure you I have laid out every farthing that I ever received from his lord-

ship's bounty, in tips to his servants. After every dinner I was forced to run the gantlope through a long line of powdered pick-pockets: and I could not but look upon it as a very ridiculous circumstance, that I should be obliged to give money to a fellow, who was dressed much finer than myself. In such a case, I am apt to consider the showy waistcoat of a foppish footman, or butler out of livery, as laced down with the shillings and half-crowns of the guests.

I would therefore beg of you, Mr. Town, to recommend the poor author's case to the consideration of the gentlemen of the cloth; humbly praying, that they would be pleased to let us go scot-free as well as the clergy. For though a good meal is in truth a very comfortable thing to us, it is enough to blunt the edge of our appetites, to consider that we must afterwards pay so dear for our ordinary.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

JEFFFRY BAREBONES.

By some of my papers I find I have drawn upon me the censure, not only of the Free-thinkers, but of the Moravians, Methodists, and other numerous sectaries, which have lately started up in opposition to our established religion. The following letter, occasioned by my sixty-first number, bears about it so many marks of an original, that it certainly comes from one of their teachers, who (as his style smells so much of the craft) is undoubtedly some inspired shoe-maker, or enlightened bricklayer. I have, therefore, printed it without any alteration, except in the spelling.

Mr. Connoisseur.

SIR,

I HAVE taken the pains as usual to read your paper; and as you receive letters, I thought proper

among the rest to send one also, to let you k
did not know that a cat was capable of con
religious society before. A priest may, it i
so may another rational creature, and perl
woman also. But, Sir, you argue, that wha
fool or lunatic says on this head, is true; but
more out, I observe, from the old woman and t
apron, than you do of the cat. For, if old w
or does constitute a religious society, I
from the foundation you seem to argue, th
as much an old woman as they. For to ar
son from an old woman's story, and for all
ing, and policy and cunningness and jud
seem to have, you have but little of yours
you seem to ridicule religion, and compa
theism or lunacy, I would beg the favou
Sir, what religion you are of; but by you
you are of none at all.

This new doctrine, Sir, that you revile,
gospel, which you will find so, if you he
compare it with the scriptures, if you b
scripture at all. For you say, Sir, that the
traordinary tenets of religion are very s
propagated under the sanction of leathern
stead of cassocks. Well, and suppose it is
knowledge it is received by well disposed pe
if it is, then it is plain, as you ridicule it, y
one of these well disposed. But, Sir, this
trine, as you call it, is not only propagated
sanction of leathern aprons, by barbers, b
and the like, but by many of the clergy now i
blished church: and if you often went to l
but not as a critic to carp at what is the
you would understand more what this ne
meant, and whether it drives men to enthu
the like, or no.

Sir, what you touch on the Moravians, I will not
y any thing about or against: for perhaps it is too
ue. But, Sir, I would advise you to know a little
ore of religion experimentally for yourself, before
ıu pretend to condemn others. And, Sir, if you are
formed, that there will be a mad-house built on the
ound where the Foundery stands, or the Metho-
sts meeting-house, as you call it, perhaps there may
as many criticising lunatics in it, as religious ones:
d very likely more. Sir, I beg you would take care
ıu don't bother your brains too much about other
:ople's affairs; lest I should have the pain, not the
easure, of seeing you there.

I have just given you a sketch of the ridiculing the
:w doctrine, and wish you could find some better
nploy, if so be it was with a leathern apron before
ıu: for I think it would become you better than this
ıint does. Sir, I hope you will excuse my freedom
ith you, as others must yours with them.

Your humble servant,

WISH NO HARM.

The last letter, which I shall add, comes from an
ıknown correspondent, who has already obliged me
ore than once, if I may judge from the hand-writ-
g.

IR,

SOME time ago you archly remarked that there
as not one woman left, but that the whole sex was
evated into ladies. You might at the same time
ıve taken notice of the wonderful increase among the
her sex in the order of gentlemen.

Besides those, who are universally acknowledged
this rank from their birth and situation in life, the
ıurtesy of England also entitles all persons, who
rry arms, to that dignity: so that his Majesty's

three regiments of guards are composed entirely of gentlemen; and every priggish fellow, who can clap a *queue* to his peruke, and hang a sword awkwardly dangling by his side, from thence assumes the importance, as well as name of a gentleman. Idleness and ignorance being too often the disgrace of those, who are gentlemen born and bred, may invest themselves with that dignity, though with no other qualifications. If the pride, poverty, or neglect of parents, has prevented their son from being bound apprentice, or if the idle rascal has shewn his indentures a light pair of heels, in either case Tom is of no trade, and consequently a gentleman. I know at this time a man, who came from Ireland last summer with an hay-fork, but before winter raised himself to the rank of a gentleman; and every day I go to Windmill-street, I see a very honourable gentleman betting large sums of money, whom I formerly remember marker of the Tennis Court. Add to this, that all attorneys' clerks, apprentices, and the like, are gentlemen every evening; and the citizen (who drudges all the rest of the week behind the counter) every Sunday, together with his laced waistcoat and ruffles, puts on the gentleman. Every author, Mr. Town, is a gentleman, if not an esquire, by his profession; and all the players, from King Richard to the Lieutenant of the Tower, are gentlemen.

The body of gentlemen is still more numerous; but I have not leisure at present to climb up to garrets, or dive into cellars after them. I shall only observe, that many of the above-mentioned members of this order die with the same reputation that they lived, and go out of the world, like Squire Maclean, or Gentleman Harry.

Your humble servant, &c.

*** BEFORE I dismiss this new edition of my ork, I think it my duty to return thanks to my kind aders for their candid reception of these papers, as ey were separately published: though I cannot but sensible, that either through haste, inadvertence, or her avocations, they unavoidably abounded with many ults; from which I have endeavoured to clear them much as possible in their present form. Mr. Faulk-r of Dublin is very welcome, therefore, to his Irish lition, printed *literatim* from my folio; in which, I ire say, the very errors of the press are most reli-ously preserved.

I cannot but regret indeed, that there is still wanting ie principal ornament to these little volumes; I ean the Dedication. Not that there are wanting :rsons highly deserving of all the praises, which the ost obsequious and most devoted author could pos-bly lavish on them: for in all ages, and in all nati-is, these have always abounded. Latin authors, for :ample, have never failed to pay their compliments the illustrious family of the Issimi; such as the *udatissimi*, the *eminentissimi*, the *commendatissimi*, the *migeratissimi*, the *doctissimi*, the *nobilissimi*, &c. and nong our own writers no less respect has been iewn to the numerous race of the *most* famous, the *ost* ingenious, the *most* learned, the *most* eminent, c. It is but justice, that those who offer the incense, iould "live by the altar:" yet, notwithstanding I ive notice to any rich citizen, nobleman, or others, at my dedication should be disposed of to the best dder, I have received no overtures on that head. In e city, this course of exchange has not yet been tablished; and among people of quality, the market is been overstocked, and flattery is become a mere ug; while some of them, who have taken up the ade themselves, have, perhaps, considered me as a val or interloper in the business.

It remains only to give an accout of the authors concerned in this work. I am sorry that I do not know the names of any of the volunteers, to whom I have been greatly indebted: and as to those, who have engaged for the drudgery of the week, various conjectures have been formed about them. Some are sure, that the papers signed T are written by Mr. Such-an-One,....because it is the first letter of his name; and others, by Another,....because it is not: O is the mark of the Honourable ....., or Lord .....; they know it by the style: and W must be the work of a certain famous wit, and no other:.....*aut* Erasmus, *aut* Diabolus. But to put this matter out of all doubt, and to satisfy the curiosity of my readers, all I am at liberty at present to divulge is, that none of the papers, (to my knowledge) were written by the Honourable ....., or Lord ....., or ....., Esquire; but that those which are marked with a T, and those with an O, and those with a W, (as well as those which hereafter may perhaps be signed N,) are furnished by the ingenious and learned gentleman, who has subscribed his name to this paper.

T, O, W, N.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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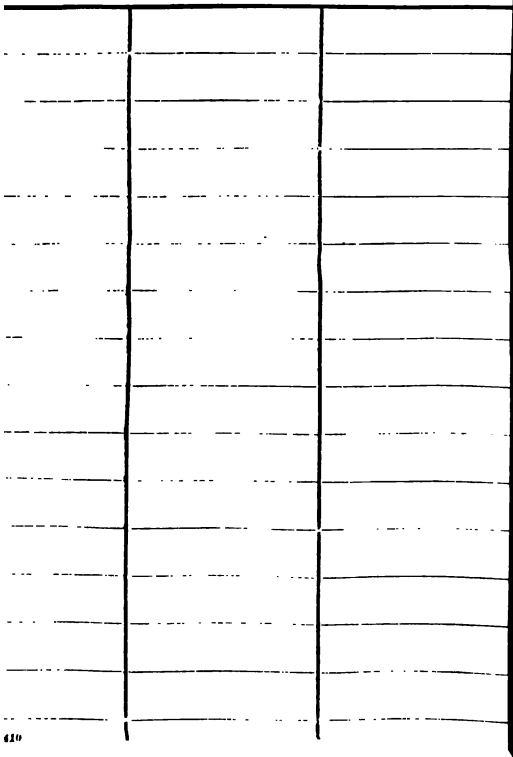
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